

ARNOLD'S
LIBRARY OF THE FINE ARTS.

VOL. I.]

NOVEMBER, 1832.

[No. 1.

ADDRESS.

THE late Editor of the Library of the Fine Arts having announced his intention of receding from his office, and having adverted to a successor, it becomes our duty to present ourselves to our readers in the form of an address. We have to solicit a continuation of their kindly support, to crave indulgence for this our first number, and to avow those of our principles wherein they may be concerned.

The birth, parentage, and education, of this our delegated offspring, are due to the talent and indefatigable zeal of its late editor, who, animated by a refined love for the beauteous Arts we worship, wished to deal forth to the world their high aim and ennobling impress. Of his success, let the past pages speak. Animated by a love no less sincere, though unaided by the same talent, we venture to intrude into the presence of our readers; a chosen few, who possess minds fitted for more refined pursuits than political chicanery, or defamatory tattle. We bring with us to the task, no consciousness of superior abilities; but we can offer a devotedness to the interests of art, an instinctive love for its votaries, and an ardent wish that they should possess an organ exclusively their own, whereby they may be enabled to promulgate their knowledge, opinions, and wants. We abhor party feeling, elsewhere somewhat excusable, but in Art—a foul and degrading stain. On such a subject, to be swayed by its influence, would be polluting the sacred precincts of the Temple of Vesta, by the presence of a Sybarite or a Paphian. Nevertheless, as we intend to watch the interests of Art with Argus-eyed jealousy, we shall hold none exempt from chastisement that attempt to subvert its peaceful laws, or disturb the chaste tenor of its sway. We have been sufficiently exposed to the toil of labour and the turmoil of ambition, to

have implanted in our mind some knowledge of artistic principles, and some mercy for its aspiring sons; and we are now sufficiently removed from the arena of activity, to view the wide expanse of intellectuality with calmness tinged with enthusiasm; though we have lost the throbs and throes, we retain a genial thrill, and can view with delight, unmixed with envy, the ascent of those whom we once vainly hoped to accompany in the honorable path of distinction.

If we are not known to our brethren as the possessor of talent, we are proud to believe that we are known as an ardent devotee at the shrine of Art. We profess to be their organ; we feel their pulse, and record its beatings: and we can affirm with gratitude, that they hail, with lively satisfaction, the continuation of a periodical which may be the happy means of directing the attention of the government and the people to a pure source of intellectual greatness; a source, hitherto permitted to flow, but as a trifling and troubled current, but which must, as the barriers of ignorance and apathy yield to the flood of mind, burst with it from all trammels, sweep away all petty obstacles, swell into a noble stream, and finally expand into an illimitable ocean.

We must ever view personality as the bias of meanness and malignity; it can alone attract the ignorant and wilful,—for them we write not. We respect the privacy guaranteed to each individual by civilized society; and in wielding the legitimate weapon of criticism, we proceed upon established principles with honorable intentions; yet, though we intend to abstain from the dark side of the shield of personality, we shall feel it our duty to be so far personal as to hail the rising of stars from the horizon, and to assign them their due station in the hemisphere of Art. We conceive, that as the ocean is not weakened by the influx of tributary streams, nor the lustre of the moon diminished by the proximity of the stars, the essential character of this work would be rather improved than otherwise, by availing ourselves of the minor attributes of artistic literature. Having an artist's eye, which, although in no "fine phrenzy rolling," is nevertheless delighted with pleasing effects, as well as grand masses, we shall be on the alert for all that comes within an artist's jurisdiction, whether it be in exhibitions, private studios, the stage, or the street.

To boast, as is sometimes the custom, even in the enlightened nineteenth century, of our never-ending list of contributors, and their overwhelming talent, we consider beneath our character: we therein study our readers as well as ourselves, being conscious that the supporters of a work like *The Library of the Fine Arts*, would recoil

at any such idle and pitiful puffing. Yet, we venture to affirm, devoid of all affectation, that we have sources of information and amusement calculated to ensure us a good reputation. The humble editor is but the channel by which the knowledge and wit of his numerous supporters is conveyed to the public. All he hopes is, that, on comparing the present with the former series, no one will be compelled to repeat, with a retrospective glance, "This was your husband."

With this avowal of intentions we take our leave; trusting that we shall be able to present to our readers the general face of art, and some of its deeper recesses; labouring to stimulate the meritorious, and to repress the arrogant: and in the conscientious pursuit of this, our declared object, we trust we shall realize the prediction of Horace,

"That he who blends instruction with delight,
Wins every reader, nor in vain shall write."

At a Meeting of Artists, held for the purpose of considering the best means of promoting the Fine Arts, in order to induce all who are desirous of their welfare to express their opinions, and lend their assistance to so noble an object, the following resolutions were adopted unanimously:

Saturday, October 5th, 1832.

RESOLVED.

I. That this meeting, convinced of the advantages to be expected from a periodical that would actively and impartially express the opinions and sentiments of artists, and serve as the organ of those high feelings, without which the Arts would lose their claim on the admiration of mankind, consider it advisable, that a council of artists be formed, to receive communications, and advise with the Editor of the Library of the Fine Arts, affording their gratuitous support, without in any way connecting themselves either with the property or publication of the said work.

II. That the Council of Artists, formed for the purpose of communicating the best information that may be offered to them, to the Editor of the said Library of the Fine Arts, do meet once a week; and that they nominate, as soon as may be, a sufficient number of honorary members (all artists), for the purpose of more effective communication with the profession generally.

ADDRESS OF THE COUNCIL TO THE PUBLIC AND THE ARTISTS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

THE Fine Arts may safely be considered the type of civilization. They not only record to late posterity the exploits of a nation; but they themselves constitute an elevated and visible proof of its intellect and acquirements. By them the heroes and sages of antiquity are made known to us, as identically as most of our own contemporaries. Through them are the deeds and virtues of civilized society rescued from destructive time, while all around is utter darkness; the most endearing sympathies in life are, by their magic, preserved even beyond the tomb; and perpetual youth made to flush the cheek of beauty.

The means of communicating information through the Fine Arts are boundless as their power of delineating the passions of the soul. Without quitting our own native shores, secure alike from inconvenience or danger, we become acquainted with the various productions of every clime: the sultry desert of the tropics, the chilling polar mists, are each made familiar to our senses. The sweeping hurricane, or the crater's blazing terrors, are no less subject to their spell. Are not all the elegancies of life dependant on them, imparting, as they do, variety and beauty to the most insignificant as to the most exalted of our manufactures?

All these, and much more, are within the scope and range of the Fine Arts: what then are we to think of those who divert them from their natural and proper direction, and degrade them to useless or improper purposes. In proportion to their utility and merit, to the spirit and noble bearing of those who cultivate them, will they fix the admiration of the public.

To obtain this end we have been called together, to assist in promoting this object are we united : 'tis for us to set the example, and call upon all Artists, nay, on every one whose bosom thrills with kindly enthusiasm, to join their exertions to ours : diversity of opinion is a spur to reflection, variety, the source of amusement, and excellence ; we therefore implore all who have a good thought to communicate, to remember that our great wish is to acquire and communicate information ; it is from slight hints and trifling communications that we must hope to accomplish our great work ; to excite the emulation of the artist, the applause of the enlightened.

If the question were put, whether our plan be the very best possible, we would answer candidly in the negative ; but we can assure our readers, that we have endeavoured to make it as perfect and efficient as the circumstances permitted ; we have considered the probable changes that it will undergo, and we venture to say, that it far surpasses the means adopted by any other periodical, certainly in principle, and we hope to be soon enabled to add most decidedly in practice.

Confident that our brother artists will answer to the call, we feel secure of a mass of useful and varied intelligence that will enable us to proceed with courage and success ; but let no one rashly tax us with inconsistency for admitting various, nay, opposite opinions : candour, consistency itself, command it, and much good do we anticipate from such a course.

One of the most important, and by far the most difficult, of our duties, will be criticism : the principle laid down by us is *JUSTICE*, with as much leniency as strict justice will allow. Jealousy will naturally be excited, by the council being composed of artists : it is our intention to turn this very feeling to the public advantage, by affording every one, as far as possible, the opportunity of exhibiting us to public judgment. We have only to claim, in return for our liberality, that indulgence to which the multiplicity and hurry of business entitle us.

Individual vanity we must, if possible, overlook : personal attacks we must hear with composure, as it becomes a gratuitous, impartial, and independent council to do.

We now take our leave of the public, reminding them of the trust we undertake, and the exertions we call upon others to make in the cause ; expressing a fervent hope, that no selfish interest, or petty jealousy, will prevent us from attaining the desired objects,—the good of the many, respect to talent, and the glory of our country,—upheld by the *FINE ARTS*.

MEMOIR OF JAMES BARRY.

THIS highly gifted and eccentric Painter was born in Cork, October 11th, 1741. His father was master of a coaster, which traded between the Cove of Cork and England, and being determined that his son should follow the same profession, he took him with him, at an early age, to sea; where young Barry, true to the instinct that led him captive to the arts, employed more of his time in delineating the various pictorial beauties of the ocean and its accompaniments, than in acquiring a knowledge ill suited to his disposition. His father beheld this rising inclination with regret, and after various attempts at binding his rebel pupil to a sea-faring life, he relinquished all hope of such a probability, and left him at home to indulge in his favourite pursuit. In the generality of memoirs, there appears a decided intention of grasping at slight indications of a tendency to a particular study, as the incontestable evidences of an uncontrollable genius. Now, however much we may be inclined to consider, that the tendency of the youthful mind is a subject of meditation for the future, and oftentimes indicative of latent powers, we are not at all inclined to admit that the aspirations of juvenility are invariably the heralds of genius. The full blaze of the ample flame is but feebly indicated in the evanescent sparks that proclaim its existence. Accepting, however, the general tone that pervades all the lives of the subject of the present memoir, it seems that "Painting was rather the natural than the accidental direction of his mind."

His mother, who was a Catholic, deeply tinged his mind with the belief she inherited from her ancestors; and subjected him to the influence of two priests, who obtained over his ardent mind a power, that in his latter days tinged his character with asperity and bigotry.

At an early age he essayed oil-painting; and about the age of 22, he produced his first picture of note. The subject was one calculated to enlist the attention of his countrymen; being selected from the annals of Ireland, representing the conversion of a King of Cashel by St. Patrick, with the well known incident of the proselyte's fortitude in refusing to betray the least symptom of pain, as his foot is transfixed by the iron-shod crozier of the abstracted saint. This work was exhibited at the Dublin Society of Arts, and attracted universal attention. From this moment, his reputation, as a rising artist, was

established; and through this work he became acquainted with his sincerest and best friend—Edmund Burke;—who, glowing with his country's finest talent, beheld, with the fervour of genius, a congenial spirit in a sister art: and with the resolution of fostering the talent he beheld with national pride,—enabled his young friend to glean inspiration on the classic soil of Italy. To this generous patron he was indebted, not only for the interest displayed in the cultivation of his talent, but also for the most friendly devotedness to his moral improvement. The discerning eye of Burke foresaw in the germs freely sown in Barry's character, the fertile source of severe and continued retribution. Regretting it as a friend, he was unconsciously led to assume the monitor; and his letters breathe the most sincere interest in the welfare of this wayward child of genius.

In Italy, Barry's conduct was marked with arrogance and impetuosity; he appeared to mingle with his fellow students, but to render himself obnoxious; his talent and high views of art being annulled for want of that amenity of manner, without which they are viewed as vain assumptions. He was involved in fruitless disputations; assuming the tone of a censor; which, however calculated he might be to support, exacted little homage, excited no fellowship, and engendered no love.

Talent, however it may depend for full appreciation on the character of its possessor, demands invariable recognition on its own claims. Notwithstanding the enthusiastic asperity and conscientious dictation, so apparent in Barry's character, his conspicuous merit attracted the attention of the foreign schools; and he was elected a member of the Clementine Academy, at Bologna; on which occasion he painted for his reception picture *Philoctetes*, in the Isle of Lemnos.

After a sojourn of five years on the Continent, where he had gleaned knowledge from the wonders of ancient art; but where, as we have before stated, too much of his time was spent in useless discussions, he returned to England in the year 1770.

We will not venture to turn purveyors of anecdotes, believing, that if they are not generally false, they are but too often exaggerated; and although it may be a considerable advantage to be deemed amusing, it is a still higher privilege to be considered just. A morose or blunt man is a mine in the hands of retailers of characteristics; that which is probable is exalted to the rank of an actual incident, and too often, on the wings of invention and wit, a reputation is consigned to posterity, distorted by wilful misrepresentations or jocose suppositions. A Barry or a Fuseli, from having been the parent of

some untutored phrases, becomes responsible for the countless offspring of malice and ingenuity.

On his return, he endeavoured to embody his perceptions of the beautiful and classical; and in his first picture of the birth of Venus, displayed a superiority of talent, which even his foes were forced to admire. He subsequently produced his Jupiter and Juno. Too little were these grand works calculated to please the depraved taste of the nation and the age; and, as Mr. Cunningham observes with equal truth and force—"The Heathen Gods on Barry's canvass appealed to no popular sympathy—to no national belief—to no living superstition: the mob marvelled what they meant, and the learned had little to say."

His Death of Wolfe can only be viewed as a classical absurdity; warriors so near our own day, reduced to nature's primitive suit, are objects of derision; and the high intention of the painter is lost in the imbecility of the attempt. When reproached with not painting subjects of general interest, he must have greatly misunderstood the condemnation, if he conceived for a moment, that a scene of national glory could be conveyed through any other medium than truth of detail. If fitness or propriety of application be the ground-work of beauty in the philosophical sense, it is certainly not the less so in the pictorial; this truth, Barry seems never to have felt. He was aware of the abstract beauty of Art, but had no conception of its general harmony, and still less of its reference to human affections.

About this time he produced two of his best cabinet pictures; Mercury inventing the lyre, and Narcissus; the latter being suggested by his friend Burke, as a proper companion; the one being an image of industry and invention, the other of idleness and egotism. He also took up the pen, with a patriotism that redounds to his credit, to repel the *amusing* suggestions of Winkelmann and l'abbé du Bos, who were sufficiently weak to doubt the universality of mind, and to advance their crude conceits of the influence of climate, and the natural defects of British intellect. Without considering whether so imbecile an attack were worthy of serious attention, we cannot but feel grateful to the ardent champion of our fame; who, indignant that apathy on the part of Art's legitimate protectors, and the petty views of its votaries, should have compromised the national dignity, devoted his whole energies, and no inconsiderable knowledge to the task of confounding these supercilious and dogmatic commentators of the realms of intellect.

We have now to touch upon that part of Barry's career which,

more than any other circumstance, bespeaks his devotion to art,—a devotion that throughout recoiled on himself, and left him, if not with abated vigour, at any rate, with blighted fortune and wounded hopes. The project of decorating the interior of St. Paul's, first proposed by the Royal Academy, but annulled by the verdict of the Bishop of London, met with encouragement from the Society of Arts; a piece of patronage that reflects no peculiar credit, as the proposition emanated from a body of men, influenced by a desire for their country's glory, and demanding no considerable outlay from these easily-created patrons of art. Yet it seems to have been in that day a species of merit, to have allowed the productions of a man of genius to honour the walls of an institution founded expressly for the patronage of talent.

Barry undertook the Herculean task of painting a series of pictures, illustrative of the Progress of Civilization. He devoted seven years to this truly magnificent undertaking; and it is delightful to break off the dull task of biography, to do homage to the devotion of genius. The tear of pity steals down the cheek as we contemplate this high-minded man, heedless of the attractions of wealth and society, sacrificing his health and fortune for the fame of his country, and obliged to employ those hours, which should have been devoted to repose, in procuring the mere necessities of life, which he scorned to purchase with the price of his soul's deepest, proudest imaginings. In an age of egotism and vanity, it is not possible to conceive a more affecting, or a more ennobling picture, than the wearing toil, for successive years, of one of the loftiest minds; as he labours without one smile of encouragement, cheered only by the consciousness of his dignified intention, and the approbation of his own conscience. This grand series consists of six pictures, intended to illustrate this maxim, "That the attainment of happiness, individual and public, depends on the cultivation of the human faculties." The first of the six pictures, of which this series is composed, represents man in his uncultivated state, with its attendant misery, invited by Orpheus to the enjoyment of social order. The second, a Grecian thanksgiving to Ceres and Bacchus. The third, the Victors at the Olympic Games. The fourth, the Triumph of the Thames, or Navigation. The fifth, the Society of Arts distributing their rewards,—and the sixth, Elysium, or the State of Retribution. The limits of a slight memoir preventing any lengthened notice of their merits, we can only observe, that they display the highest aim, if not the highest powers; and offer a convincing proof of Barry's devotion to the refined beauties of

Greece. Though not pre-eminent in the fascinating qualities of art, they are calculated to arrest the individual attention, and command the unhesitating homage of the lover of the original, the learned, and the severe. They are not among those every-day productions, whose sway extends but to the ignorant and thoughtless; they are fit subjects for the contemplation of the

"Greatest, wisest, best of all mankind."

Barry had been elected an associate of the academy some short time before he produced his *Death of Wolfe*; and in 1772 became an academician. On the death of Mr. Penny, in 1782, he was appointed professor of painting in his stead. His sarcastic manner had created him many enemies in the body he had now joined; for it could hardly be supposed, that one who viewed his associates as *mistaken*, even in his mildest view, could regard his connexion with them in any other light than that of a corrector of abuses. They taxed him with assuming the censor, where he was entitled only to fellowship; they considered him as a spy in all their actions: he viewed them as sunk into a disgraceful apathy, and devoid of all interest in the furtherance of art. Mutual recrimination seldom proceeds on justifiable grounds; and that which originated in a conscientious perception of errors, degenerated into a party feeling, espoused with more warmth than justice. It is probable that the Academy displayed little energy in the promotion of those arts, which were Barry's whole existence; and his conscientious, but ill-directed mind, was little calculated to soothe angry passions, or produce more beneficial results. That he should have availed himself of the professor's chair, to give vent to his just, but ill-timed indignation, is to be regretted; for the cause of truth depends greatly on the legality and delicacy of the means employed. Principles of art were linked with personalities, and the glories of the departed great were chiefly acceptable, as presenting means of instituting invidious comparisons, to the detriment of the living. The minds he had undertaken to initiate into the sublimity of Art, he endeavoured to alienate from their legitimate authorities; and sought rather to nurture contempt than to instil knowledge. It is not in the nature of man to submit patiently to the castigation of an equal; especially where envy has cankered the wound that hatred had first opened: from a feeling of personal dislike, it became a matter of corporate responsibility; and, instigated by outraged decorum and wounded dignity, the council of the academy stily decided on the expulsion of the disrespectful professor.

The publication of his Letter to the Dilettanti Society was a source of the greatest indignation to the members of the Royal Academy, and the more immediate cause of this untoward event. It was a full and fiery exposition of his splenetic fancy ; regardless of authorized courtesy, he treated in no measured terms his less talented associates, exposing their actions in a more unfavourable light than they probably merited. The conclusions of genius, if not irrational, are too often at variance with the principles of sociality to be viewed in any other light than abstract perceptions, which, bearing little reference to the education, tastes, and prejudices of the surrounding world, are viewed with suspicion if not with ridicule.

It requires more than the energy of the firmest mind, to be proof against the malice or neglect of the world. In the most obdurate there is a lurking spirit of sociality that links man to his fellows. He may brave the storm he has raised while it rages around him ; but he sinks beneath it when the excitement of the moment has subsided. Barry's heart was of a rugged texture, but it was still human ; and though somewhat cheered by the consciousness of integrity and talent, he could not avoid reflecting that he was shunned as an outcast ; and was supported alone by the idea, that although he might be an object of hatred and pity, he never could be one of contempt. He flattered his proud heart that the blow was powerless ; but, although he maintained a sullen dignity towards his enemies, he betrayed his secret despondency by a total neglect of person, and increased severity of manner. With the last tie that seemed to bind him to his associates, he appeared to abandon the last tie that bound him to himself. He gradually lost all self respect ; immuring himself in his dismal and neglected studio, devising grand schemes that were never to be realized, and tormenting his imagination with conspiracies that had never been conceived. He was the martyr to his conviction, that

"The time is out of joint ; O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right."

At this time, abandoned by others and by himself, a subscription was set on foot to alleviate his misfortunes. The Earl of Buchan took him by the hand, and through his endeavours, a sum of one thousand pounds was raised ; with which an annuity was purchased of Sir Robert Peel. But alas ! poor Barry was not destined to profit by this unexpected aid ; for on the 6th of February, 1806, he was seized with the cold fit of a pleuritic fever, and lingered until the 22d, when he expired in tranquillity and peace, in the 65th year of his age.

It is a subject of gratulation, that the differences between Barry and Reynolds were somewhat amicably arranged before their deaths. Barry had buried all animosity in the grave of the illustrious President; and his glowing eulogium on Sir Joshua may be considered as the sincere atonement of an enthusiastic and generous mind. But his petty dissensions with the remaining members of the academy had never been forgiven; and even when death had claimed the object of their hatred, envy, and fear, they refused a tear of pity and oblivion to his memory and his faults, or a token of respect to his remains. It was reserved for the Society of Arts to receive them with honour, and from this scene of his greatness he was borne to the silent tomb. He was buried in St. Paul's, by the side of Reynolds, and a tablet erected to his memory, by Sir Robert Peel, who had thus become a gainer by his speculation. We cannot refrain from quoting a passage from Mr. Cunningham, relative to this part of the Academy's conduct—we subjoin it without comment.

“The conduct of the Academy, was no doubt conformable to etiquette; but Barry, though he had sinned against their rules, had done nothing to lower him in the general estimation of mankind. He might be in their eyes a degraded Academician—no one could call him a degraded artist; and the remains at least of a man of genius had surely a claim to some concession at their hands. But a certain air of loftiness, it would seem, belongs to that body collectively, which its members ever claim individually. The sway of Reynolds was resented so far, that numbers refused their concurrence to having his body laid out in state, as it is called, in their rooms, before interment. If their dignity required this severity, in the case of one whose genius had in a great degree created and supported them, it required more in the case of him who had satirized and reproached them as men mean in spirit—whose mental vision was narrow, and who could only be credited on oath. They did, accordingly, what they could:—they allowed Barry to be borne to his grave by hands that had never touched a pencil.”

Thus lived and died this extraordinary man; one worthy of a better fate, a higher renown. He walked more closely in the steps of the ancients than any other British Painter; he soared to the topmost regions, and even persecutions and privations could not deter him from his high-wrought aspirations. His mind was plentifully stored with the richest materials; and had his powers of execution aided his views more perfectly, the world would not have boasted a more accomplished Painter. His splendid series at the Society of Arts offers proud

specimens of incontestable genius, worthy of any age—any fame; and, viewing their own extraordinary merit in conjunction with his noble devotion and patriotism, they will, in the eyes of an enlightened posterity, be hailed as beacons of Art.

When the gloom, that too often benighted his powerful intellect, was dispelled by one unsuspecting gleam, the native beauty of his soul shone conspicuous—he was indeed a brilliant companion—his ardent and enthusiastic character—his varied knowledge—his lofty views of art; and above all, his high-mindedness, rendered him a miracle to the humble—an example to the great. His whole life was one continued scene of suspicion and contention—a dark spot illumined by a ray of glory. Peace be to his manes—he has appealed to a higher tribunal than that which consigned him to poverty and despair. May his spirit, at some distant period, have the pure satisfaction of beholding his mortal greatness the theme of a grateful country, and a dignified school of art raised on the basis of his immortal works.

AN ARTIST'S SCRAP BOOK.

“And like the baseless fabric of a vision
Leave not a wreck behind.”

“Come like shadows, so depart.”

SITTING one day, after a bachelor's meal, at my window, commanding a view of the Improvements at Charing Cross, I pondered on the present state of art—groaned—nodded—had a glimmering reflection—nodded—formed a sort of conclusion—smiled—nodded—nodded—and then—dozed.

A splendid square was before me, with a fountain of the most exquisite workmanship playing in the centre; the remaining space of the vast area was studded with noble statues and ornamented vases. On one side was a structure of surpassing beauty, its exquisite proportions conveying a notion of simplicity and grandeur. The vast portico was approached by a bold flight of steps, of the whitest marble, rising majestically between an avenue of statues and vases of choice execution. Beneath the imposing decastyle were groups of animated individuals, excited by no ordinary theme. I joined the intellectual throng, and found myself in a hall of the most staggering splendour.

Vast columns, of the purest marble, supported the wide expanse of ceiling, where imitations of bassi-relievi deceived the eye. The capitals were glowing with gold, as was also the ceiling, divided into compartments; the bases of the pillars were of equal splendour; and the gorgeous staircase, whose giant proportions were lightly suspended, as it were, in the air, was adorned with a rail of the most costly description; where bronze of the deepest hue, harmonized with the burnished gold, with which it was decorated. Vast halls extended on every side, and colossal statues met the eye in every part. The base of the staircase was ornamented with bronze lions, of the most terrific reality, whose extended paws grasped globes of glowing brass. Bassi-relievi of the purest character were inserted in the various compartments, which extended along the sides of this immense hall; while the intermediate spaces were filled with brackets of porphyry and agate, supporting busts of the heroes and sages of the old world. On the floor were tripods of burnished gold, bearing bronze statues, of the most remote antiquity. With trembling steps, and suspended respiration, I ascended the wide and solid stairs, and passing through a vestibule of the most fascinating lightness of architecture, a gallery of the most harmonious proportions and surpassing lustre burst upon my astonished sight. The walls glowed with the varied hues of master-minds; under the noble pilasters, that supported the ornamented cornice, were statues of the painters themselves. My eye glanced at their works, then surveyed their marble effigies, as if to trace the living fire that had created these wonders of Art, in their still and dignified forms.

The ceiling was adorned with a splendid fresco of the origin of painting and sculpture,—the gods endowing them with varied powers—their progress—and the sacrifices of a grateful people to the source of their intellectual greatness.

Saloon after saloon succeeded in endless variety. The productions of all ages, and all nations, were arranged with the utmost skill, so that the mind received, at successive glances, the march of time, and the progress of poetry and painting. Astonishment and national pride overpowered my judgment;—I thrilled with emotion, and checked with difficulty the tear that trembled in my eye.

Groups of foreigners passed by me, unable to repress their admiration. “*Dieu! quel pays—quel peuple! quel édifice superbe!*” “*Che meraviglia! per Giove! che ricchezza!*” “*Santa Maria! que hermosura! que gran nacion!*”—“*Mein Gott! Das ist lieblich!*” As the various groups passed, I gathered the tribute of combined

Europe, willingly paid to our superiority—I felt grateful—proud,—yet humbled by my sense of gratitude—I could have knelt and saluted the ground on which I trod.—I beheld student after student, gleaming emulation from the mighty works that graced the walls—each drew with the precision of a master—no meagre outline—no obscurity of effect.—My thoughts involuntarily travelled to the past—my ecstasy was childish! “Behold,” I mentally ejaculated, “the expansion of that germ I fondly contemplated in its primitive insignificance.—Behold the spark! fanned into a noble flame—the beacon of a wondering posterity. Now, indeed, is the fair fame of England rescued from the stigma of ignorance, apathy, and sensuality. Now, indeed, is England the emporium of the world, the source of intellect, integrity, and industry!”

I addressed one of the students, and asked him if he studied at the Royal Academy, and whether the admission were difficult. He smiled at my question; “Sir,” replied he, “all who are emulous of distinction, are students of the National Academy; there are no barriers, sir; it is a kind parent, that welcomes talent even in the bud; that stimulates the latent desires of genius, and supplies all that the cravings of intellect require. We are all labourers in a National Vineyard—the wine that flows from our touch is offered at our Country’s shrine. We are protected by a liberal and enlightened government, emulous of the never fading glories of Greece and Rome.” “But,” interrupted I, “they are Whigs.” He smiled again; “Whigs, sir,—the term is obsolete; we have no distinctions now, all are Englishmen, and all devoted to their country’s glory;—the only rivalry that is conspicuous, is the glorious struggle for the advancement of her fame!” He then led me into a spacious ante-room, where I beheld a series of noble compositions, recording the Glories of Britain. “For what, sir,” said I, “are these fine works intended? I fear they will remain unsold!” Another smile,—“They are the concurring pictures,” replied he, “for the embellishment of the Temple of Glory, a truly splendid pile, in Hyde Park!” I was staggered at the idea—I had not heard of it before. I rubbed my eyes—looked at my guide—it was all real. I was quite stupified,—and tears trickled down—a patriot flood!—They relieved me, for I awoke, and gazed sullenly and stupidly, upon the ruins of the Golden Cross—the King’s Mews,—and thought of—No. 100, Pall Mall!

SPANISH TOWNS.

SEVILLE, PORT ST. MARY, AND CADIZ.

"Quien no ha visto a Sevilla,
No ha visto a maravilla."—OLD PROVERB.

[Our Spanish correspondent has favoured us with the following sketch of the enchanting regions of Andalusia,—the ancient Betica,—that "land of milk and honey." He has kindly promised us a continuation of his lively and faithful outlines.]

THE fund of novelty, as regards Italy and other countries, so much frequented since the fall of Napoleon by the scientific and the rich, being now pretty well exhausted, individuals are beginning, at length, to look elsewhere for that indispensable requisite:—Italian scenery, and Italian pictures may be very beautiful, and it would be but subscribing to the accuracy of a mere truism to admit, that they certainly are so; but still, we must all feel the propriety of what our volatile neighbours say of the partridge,* and the same quaint argument will, it is to be presumed, hold good with respect to such scenery and such pictures.

If there be any one considerable portion of Europe less frequented and less known to us than another, that, no doubt, is the more romantic part of Spain. It is gratifying, therefore, to hear that men of eminence are beginning to turn their attention to that quarter,—to a mine so well worth exploring. Roberts has been announced as one, and had it been by a vote of the Royal Academy, a man better qualified for the enterprise could not have been selected. Roberts, in his own style of art, is perhaps excelled by no one in existence, and fortunately that is a style, of all others, most suitable for the occasion. Of course, he will visit Seville, and exercise his tasteful pencil on the splendid architecture, in which that city so abounds. There will be the *Alcazar*, built by the Moorish prisoners for Peter the Cruel, a gorgeous ruin; one so extravagantly ornamented, indeed, both within and without, that it seems scarcely susceptible of imitation; yet, it is said, Roberts can do it. It is to be hoped he is equally at home at a cypress, an orange, or a myrtle; if so, let him remember the gardens, for there is a sentiment in those gardens of the *Alcazar* which I never

* *Toujours perdrix.*—Ed.

found in others. Then there will be the city gates, fifteen or twenty in number, all fine, and many of them of a most ingenious construction. The public buildings, in and about the Plaza del Rey, will be sure to engross a great share of his attention. So curiously elaborated are the fronts of several of the houses composing this venerable square, that the traveller, after surveying them, returns to his *posada* with a confused recollection of the details, and wondering when, how, and by whom, such extraordinary feats of workmanship can have been achieved. Roberts will bring us specimens of the ordinary dwellings of the people, with some idea of their beautiful *patios*, or court yards. Little is known in this country of the plan of an Andalusian house, nor is it easily described. At Seville, there are many very delightful examples, and strangers are permitted to walk into the spacious porches, if they think proper to view them. In this city the inner door of the private house is often composed of richly figured rod or cast iron, so that the fine collection of shrubs and flowers, with which these *patios* are usually adorned, may easily be seen from the street, and during the extreme heat of the day the effect is grateful. The Royal Tobacco Fabric, beyond the walls, is a modern and most extensive building, but in its style it rather resembles a royal palace than a royal workshop, for at this establishment no less than a thousand girls are constantly employed in the manufacture of cigars, on his majesty's own account. The school of navigation, in the same vicinity, is also modern, and equally splendid; the frontispiece displays a profusion of ornament, the expense of which must have been enormous. Ferdinand, having a greater passion for bull-fighting than for naval warfare, this foundation has degenerated from its original purpose, and the former art is now almost exclusively taught there—taught, of course, on scientific principles, and, as the licensed tutors have it over the doors of their little day schools, “*con aprobacion real*.” Julius Cæsar's tower, a kind of observatory, standing on the brink of the river, is another remarkable edifice, for, notwithstanding its great antiquity, it is still as firm and perfect as when it was first erected. The interior is exceedingly barbarous; but I was more particularly struck at the locks and bolts, which are most curiously rude, and so enormous that they must surely have been forged by the Cyclops themselves. Of this tower we have a small sketch in Murray's new edition of Byron, which is sufficiently correct in outline, but the foreground of the engraving in which it appears, if water can be so considered, is more like the Bay of Biscay than the gentle Guadalquivir, which it is intended to represent; and moreover, it gives the

idea of an extent of water which really does not exist. The Palace of the Holy Inquisition, that notorious court, from whence so many sanguinary decrees formerly issued, is in the opposite suburb, and, although said to be in a delapidated condition, its exterior betrays no signs of decay. In spite of the abominations we know to have been contrived there, we cannot but stop to admire the extreme elegance of the structure. Near this seat of iniquity is the Old Alameda, a walk of considerable extent, planted with several rows of trees, and provided with marble benches, for the accommodation, it would seem, of those suspicious looking gentry, who, muffled in their cloaks, are constantly lurking about them. This Alameda leads to Italica, or Old Seville, the birth-place of Trajan, Adrian, &c.; and, although in former times evidently a place of great resort, it is now neglected, dusty, and unfrequented. The accursed tribunal seems, indeed, to have had a desolating influence on every thing around it. At the entrance of the centre promenade stand two finely-proportioned columns, which are of great antiquity, and cannot be less than thirty or forty feet in height. They are surmounted by well-executed statues of those celebrated rivals, Cæsar and Pompey, who are represented eyeing each other with a stern expression of defiance. The two heroes are, however, beginning to suffer a little from long exposure to the winds. On the pedestals are carved Latin inscriptions at great length, which are, probably, interesting; but many of the characters being obliterated or injured, it would require some patience to peruse them. At the opposite termination of the vista are two corresponding columns, which, though neither so lofty nor important as the former, are, nevertheless, very beautiful ornaments. These are surmounted by rival quadrupeds; the one on the side of Cæsar, by a lion; the other, on that of Pompey, by some brute of inferior pretensions. Roberts will see these four columns; and he will also see, and admire the Exchange, a fine solid building, the upper part of which forms a library, exclusively appropriated to the business of the Spanish colonies. This apartment is composed of beautifully grained and variegated Ronda marble; and, regarded as a whole, such an Exchange, little needed where it is, would do credit to the first commercial city in the world. At the end of this library hang half-length portraits of Columbus, Cortez, and Ferdinand the Seventh; as works of art, neither of the three is entitled to any great commendation; but the spectator cannot fail to take an interest in that of the Navigator, an epitome of whose exploits is duly registered, in golden characters, beneath the youthful effigy. It was from the

documents deposited here that Washington Irving obtained his materials for the life he lately published of this celebrated person.

Some of the convents are well worth visiting, and none more so perhaps than that of San Geronymo, which lies about midway between Seville and Italica. But those who go there in the expectation of finding its walls decorated with valuable pictures, will be disappointed. A friend whom I accompanied had been informed that they were so, but it was a mistake; we found indifferent portraits of the Saints, by Valdez, and nothing more, except a few trashy things in the chapel. For my own part, I should by no means have walked all that distance had I been aware of this fact, for my time was becoming precious; besides, the road was hot and dusty, and even after our arrival, we had to wait some time exposed to the burning rays of a meridian sun. On knocking at the outer gate, it was intimated to us through an iron grating, that it would not be convenient to receive us at that moment, the friars being at their *siesta*: eventually, however, we were admitted. One of the order conducted us through the building, which was indeed most magnificent. Its lofty tower commands a delightful prospect, not only of all modern Seville, but of the remains of the ancient city also, as well as several distant towns and villages, and an immense extent of country. Some armed horsemen were stationed in the immediate neighbourhood of the establishment, one of whom accompanied us in, evidently as a matter of precaution rather than politeness. The church of the convent of the Capuchins, within the walls of the city, is much frequented by travellers, on account of the great number it contains of the works of Murillo. Every part of the interior is covered with these invaluable treasures; but I was for a long time unsuccessful in my efforts to obtain access to them. I had called repeatedly, but always as it proved, at an unfortunate moment: the brotherhood were at their meals at one time, at their *siesta* at another, and it was in vain that I hammered at their gates for admission. The day before I quitted Seville, however, I found them standing open: divine service was going on, and I entered with three or four more of our countrymen, but the congregation was very numerous, and the presence of so many strangers standing about gazing at the pictures, while they were themselves occupied in their devotions, was evidently felt as an inconvenience; we therefore passed on, having of course little time for critical observation. The well known picture of St. Francis Xavier, the two Marias, and several others, were nevertheless so incomparable, that it was impossible not to pause for an instant as we came to them, to do

homage to their merits. The churches at Seville are numerous, but one of them does not so materially differ from another as to induce every traveller to pay very minute attention to all. That of the hospital de la Caridad is fortunate enough to possess an exquisite pair of Murillos, one representing Moses striking the rock, the other the miracle of the multiplication of the loaves and fishes. Both are full of figures: in the latter, the boy with the fish, Christ receiving the loaves, a woman and child seated on the right, and St. Peter and St. James occupying the left and centre, are finely grouped. In the former work there is still more to admire. Men, women, and children, camels, horses, and dogs presenting themselves at the spring, or quenching their thirst in the foreground, are most inimitably treated. It has been said in disparagement of this great master, that in putting in his figures, he never could divest them of the individuality of his nation; but these two productions, which are among the most important he ever painted, prove the gross injustice of the remark; for although the characters are numerous, there is not one of them that can be said to have any thing either exclusively or essentially Spanish about it. That of Moses is perhaps the most majestic that ever was conceived, but neither in the colour, the action, the stature, nor the expression does it in the slightest degree remind us of a Spaniard. These pictures are in a higher key than the artist commonly adopted, and tend to relieve a certain monotony of tone which a person traversing Spain, and seeking his works wherever he goes, must necessarily feel. No man ever varied his style more than, at different periods of his life, Murillo did; yet, were the fastidious critic of a London newspaper descanting on his merits, as on those of a living exhibitor, he would of a verity stigmatize him as an incorrigible mannerist.

Seville retains as much of its primitive character as any city in Spain, not even excepting Toledo, the most priest-ridden of them all. Some antiquity or another presents itself at every turning, and if a man could live to the age of Nestor, it would still be impossible that he should find time to take the cognizance of the whole. The ancient ruin called Pontius Pilate's house, the Archbishop's palace, the Mint and the University must none of them be omitted; but Roberts's powers will be principally dedicated to a subject which I have not yet touched: I mean the cathedral. To give any thing like an adequate description of so majestic a pile, would require not merely a separate volume, but a degree of eloquence and a knowledge of the subject also which few can pretend to. It may not be impertinent, however, to mention that those who would see it to the greatest advantage, should contrive

to be at Seville during the *semana santa*, when strangers come pouring into the town from all parts of the province—nay, from all parts of the kingdom. I shall ever contemplate the few days I passed there at that animating season, as one of the most delightful episodes of my life. The cathedral was then to be seen in all its pomp and grandeur; multitudes came to view the procession, and all was gaiety and excitement. I had come in the month of April last, accompanied by two friends from Cadiz up the Guadalquivir, on board a steam boat, for there are two of these vessels, the *Betis* and the *Coriano*, constantly running from one place to the other. We had on this occasion some two hundred persons on deck, all apparently Spaniards but ourselves, some of them individuals of rank and consequence in the country, and among the rest, a knight of the illustrious order of Calatrava, the sky was perfectly cloudless the whole of the day, so that we had ample opportunity of viewing the different *pueblas*, farms, villas, and innumerable herds of cattle distributed on either bank; among these herds were to be seen admirable specimens of those indomitable little long-horned bulls, so many of which are annually sacrificed in the arena. It was about mid-way that we first descried, at a vast height above the horizon, the famous tower of the cathedral, called the *Giralda*. Hours elapsed before we could distinguish any other portion of the city, but, by degrees, the roof of the cathedral itself, and other conspicuous and lofty objects began to develope themselves to our view. All Seville was at length before us, and our boat, the *Betis*, reached her moorings about sunset. Our advent was greeted by the presence of a host of the inhabitants who had congregated at the waterside to ascertain what strangers were coming to spend the holy week among them. They were chiefly ladies, all respectably, many of them elegantly attired, and as we passed between the lines into which they had formed themselves, I and my companion were at once recognized as *Ingleses*. We proceeded to the custom house, and while engaged there with a searcher, who, indifferent about every other article my trunks contained was scrupulously examining my books, I had the misfortune to lose sight of my comrades. One of them had, prior to our departure from Cadiz, procured the information necessary for our guidance with respect to an inn, but the particulars had either escaped or had not been communicated to me, and I was therefore utterly at a loss what course to pursue. The person who had shouldered my luggage proposed advancing a little farther into the town. After some consideration, I consented, and might have suffered him to parade me about from street to street until midnight, but that from the rapidity of his steps, and the stupid unconcern he manifested at the inconvenience to which

he saw I was put, I felt that I was but lending myself to the low, paltry finesse of a genuine Spanish porter, who ever seeks an excuse for going out of his way, or doing little unnecessary *nothings*, in order that when he comes to his employer for payment, he may be able, as he thinks, to justify the extravagance of his demand on the plea of extra trouble. I felt also that I was depriving myself of a future pleasure in traversing some of the principal thoroughfares, and receiving my first impressions of a celebrated city at the heels of such a conductor. I therefore wheeled the gentleman about by the handle of my portmanteau, and having obtained from a tradesman who stood idling at his door, the address of an *Inglese* living in the neighbourhood, I proceeded to his residence, and was referred by one of his servants to the *Fonda de las Reales Diligencias* as somewhat more of an English Inn than any other in Seville, and as the most convenient in point of distance. I went there accordingly, and deposited my luggage, but without agreeing to remain, for I was still anxious to join my fellow-travellers; however, at the moment I was going out again to seek them, the stragglers entered. We had met, it appeared, at the very house originally contemplated, and here of course we now engaged to dine and pass the night. The situation of this inn, which is exactly opposite the Puerta de Xeres, the first you enter from the river, is good, the accommodations tolerable, and the expense very moderate. Twenty-two *reals*, or four shillings and sixpence each per diem paid for our board and lodging, including a pint or two of *mansanilla*, but then it was expected that our wants for the day should terminate with our dinner.

To the casual reader these petty details will be uninteresting, but they are facts, and to the traveller, for whose government they are introduced, it is possible they may be useful.

In the evening we went into the adjacent streets—streets not merely interesting in themselves, but rendered infinitely more so from the circumstance of their having been often perambulated by some of the greatest geniuses that the world ever produced; and among others, by Murillo, Velasquez, and the author of *Don Quixotte*.—It was not yet late, but all was perfectly still, and as the moon was unusually bright and luminous, we had an opportunity of viewing the cathedral and the adjoining tower, through the most solemn and impressive medium. The distant prospect we had enjoyed of the Giralda on our passage up the river, however imposing, had given us but a faint idea of the vast extent and magnificence of this celebrated work, and yet the exterior, fine as it is in its architectural proportions, and rich as it is in ornament, conveys to the mind of the spectator no conception of the extraordinary splendour of the scene within. But the devotions of the

day had ceased and the doors closed, so that our admiration of the latter was necessarily suspended till the following morning, when, after an early breakfast, we hastened to the enjoyment of a luxury by which alone the inconveniences and the perils incidental to a voyage from one distant country to another are so amply recompensed.

The stupendous Gothic arches receding in endless perspective, the multitudes kneeling, like pigmies at the altar, the aged friars distributed here and there in picturesque groups, the fine full tones of the choristers, and of the two tremendous organs sounding in concert, the gloom of a subdued light, and the deep and general solemnity of the whole, cannot fail to captivate the senses of a stranger; nor is it a matter of astonishment to me that a certain English nobleman, who was named to us, should, during a protracted stay at Seville, have passed the whole of his time within the walls of the cathedral. I could rather wonder that he should have escaped at last the true protestant that he came.

On a future day we went to the top of the Giralda, which, from the amazing height to which it shoots into the heavens, commands a sort of birds-eye view of the whole city. From this convenient eminence the expert draughtsman may, in a few minutes, produce a map which might be useful to him as a *vade-mecum* below. The ascent is not performed by means of the ordinary staircase, but by a winding, ungraduated passage, which is of so easy an elevation, that a mule might canter through it either way, with as little difficulty as he might frisk and gambol over Primrose Hill. The belfry is open on all sides, and the bells are consequently discernible from the streets. Each is distinguished by the name of a saint, as San Pablo, San Pedro, San Fernando, Santa Maria, &c.

The principal pictures in the cathedral were not visible during the holy week, but the processions having terminated, the veils which had concealed them were withdrawn. The Crucifixion, by Campania, San Antonio, which is painted on a very large scale, St. Joseph, leading by the hand the young Saviour, a Miraculous Conception; and half-length portraits of the Archbishops Leandro and Isidoro, all by Murillo, a subject by Annibale Caracci, and other works, by the same and other masters, are deposited in the interior chapels. The figures of San Antonio, and the infant Christ must indeed be the fruits of divine inspiration, and well might an individual, on hearing the encomiums passed on his countryman, remark to us that he was made a painter by the express appointment of God.

Mr. Williams, our vice-consul, has several meritorious productions, principally by the Spanish masters, and among the rest a very beauti-

ful one, by Velasquez; but Mr. W. is out-stripped, both in the extent and quality of his collection, by Señor Brabo, a humble trader, in the town, whose house is so crowded with rare and valuable works, that they are positively beginning to encroach a little on the shop. He is, no doubt, an excellent connoisseur, and has probably secured some of the finest specimens in existence of Murillo, Velasquez, Vandyke, Salvator Rosa, and Spagnoletto. His Jesus and John, by Murillo, for which, he mentioned to us, that an English *Milor* had offered him *reales*, equal in amount to a thousand pounds sterling, is the one he prizes most, and exhibits last; but, a Madonna, by the same gifted master, is painted with a tenderness and felicity of expression, that surpasses every thing of the kind I ever saw, either in art or nature. Spagnoletto's portrait of St. Paul is also a picture of superlative merit, and so strikingly superior to any thing I have seen elsewhere by the same hand, that, but for its positive identity of style, I should have thought such a production altogether beyond his powers.

Few persons would think of leaving Seville without calling in Calle Franco to be shaved. For my own part I should heartily despise myself, could I have been guilty of such an omission; but I held the genius of Rossini in too much veneration. Again, and again had I passed through that stirring little community, till at length I began to blush at the idea of having so long deferred the performance, of what I felt to be an imperative and indispensable duty. Ignorant of the precise number of the house, I made enquiry of my friends upon the subject, and being informed that it was fifteen, I got up early, a few days prior to my exit, and repaired thither in my morning apparel, and with a beard as blue as Abimelech's. Little did I dream of the possibility of any disappointment, but alas! every thing is perpetually changing! Figaro was gone, the business abandoned, and the premises absolutely devoted to the interests of another profession!—At the counter stood a beautiful *muchacha*, who smiled, and evidently saw in a moment the object of my visit, and my embarrassment; but she appeared to have no knowledge of the individual I was in quest of, nor could I find that any one of his vocation resided in the street. Having, however, in some measure relieved my conscience of its burden, by the effort I had made to find him, I returned to my *posada*, comparatively happy.

The commencement of the *fiestas de los toros** being publicly announced, and at Seville they have the reputation of being the most

* In a future number we intend presenting to our readers an artist's view of a Bull fight.—Ed.

accomplished bull fighters in the kingdom, my curiosity was too great to permit my departure till after the celebration of the first. The day arrived, and having enjoyed the disgusting satisfaction of attending the spectacle, and witnessing the destruction of twenty victims, namely, eight bulls and twelve horses, to say nothing of the fracture of human limbs, I prepared to return with my two friends to Cadiz. We have been told that the Spanish ladies take great pleasure in these diversions,* but we should do them an injustice to believe it. It is true, several females were present on the day in question, that they came early, remained till the death of the last bull, and seemed to be perfectly satisfied with the sport; but, and *ah pudet fateri*, they were most of them our own amiable countrywomen, and persons of some pretension. The Spanish ladies, what few there were, conducted themselves with great decorum, and indulged in none of the boisterous mirth that distinguished the proceedings of *Mistress Bull*. In society, they spoke of it as a brutal, a cruel, or a disgusting exhibition. The fact is, the Spanish women are most of them graceful little creatures, but whose beauty is of the most evanescent quality; and unwilling "to waste their sweetness on the desert air," they love to be in public. To their personal vanity, therefore, and not to any less amiable foible, is to be attributed their occasional appearance on the benches of a bull-ring; but, of the English dames who attended on this occasion, there certainly was not one for whom the same apology can be urged.

In travelling by water from Seville to Cadiz, it is necessary to pay some attention to the tides; for a steam boat cannot, at all times, accomplish the whole of the distance on the same day, and so it happened on our return. We were landed at a point called Bonanza, which cannot be less than twenty-five miles short of Cadiz. On reaching the jetty, we were all but devoured by a host of savages, who had assembled there to receive us; one seized a portmanteau, another a hat box, a third an umbrella or a cloak, and the whole of them began bothering and bullying at once. To say that we did not want them, was sheer nonsense. Such an absurdity was never uttered. Want them we must, and have them we should, they were determined, nor was it an easy matter to shake them off. Our next assailants were the horse and calesa men, who, seeing that the passengers were numerous, and knowing that most of us would be anxious to get to

* The Editor's knowledge enables him to affirm this fact, as far as the *señoras* of Madrid are concerned; they are constant attendants at the *Corridas*, having their Queen for example.

Port St. Mary's, had the modesty to demand, at least, treble the ordinary fares. There were vehicles enough for us all, but as it was impossible for Englishmen, who seem to be the natural prey of all nations, to have any thing to do with the swarthy vagabonds, we determined, after a short consultation among ourselves, to proceed for the Port on foot; a distance, although we were not aware of it at the time, of at least eighteen English miles, to remain there for the night, and cross over to Cadiz by a passage-boat in the morning. We were compelled however to hire a couple of horses, one for the conveyance of our luggage, the other for the accommodation of a gentleman, who was too short-legged and corpulent to walk; and thus appointed, we commenced our march after five in the evening. Passing through the considerable town of San Lucar, we presently came to a pretty ruin of a bridge that was erected some years since by the French, but which the jealous Spaniard, sooner than be beholden to an invading army for the convenience, has since rendered impracticable. A traveller has no sort of security on this road, although dignified with the title of *camino real*, or king's highway. The Madrid diligences are continually plundered in passing over it; and knowing this, we felt some anxiety for the fate of our baggage, particularly as night was fast approaching, and we had no great faith in the honesty of our attendant, the fellow who had charge of the horses; but before long, we had the good fortune to fall in with some company, and, after trudging many a tedious mile in total darkness, and ankle deep in dust, we entered in safety the fine old town of Port St. Mary. It was quite late, but the sound of the guitar was still heard from several of the houses. I had been at the Port before, on my way to Xeres, and already had an opportunity of admiring its two pleasant alamedas, and main street called *Calle Larga*, which, with the exception of that of San Fernando, was, in itself, the most beautiful street I had seen in the whole province. It was ten before we embarked on the following morning, and almost noon before we set sail for Cadiz. There was a multitude of women on board the same boat, with the usual compliment of children. The wind being strong, and the water shallow, the waves broke heavily upon our bows; and, on crossing what is considered a very perilous bar, or mass of shifting sands, the terror of the women and their poor brats was extreme; but as nausea commenced, their fears subsided. One young woman, in particular, was so completely abandoned to the miseries of sea sickness, that I am confident she would have considered death the minor evil of the two. The violence of her retching had nearly forced her eyes from their sockets, ruptured the veins of her

face, and covered her cheeks with extravasated blood.* Poor girl! her situation was very distressing, and I can venture to say that she will never go to sea again, if she can help it. We had also a *clerico* on board, and during our long detention at the quay, one of our own party drew his sketch-book from his pocket, and, induced by the pretty arrangement of a lofty comb and black mantilla which she wore, began sketching the head of one of the females. The priest took a great interest in the progress of the study, and as soon as it was completed, requested that he might himself be made the subject of another. He was ambitious of appearing with a cigar in his mouth and a cross at his breast, all of which was complied with; and the portrait being finished to his satisfaction, he took the book, and inscribed beneath it his name, order, and convent, *con otras muchas particularidades*, which, in his vanity, he deemed essential: for he had been flattered with the idea that it would be taken to England to be engraved. Our corpulent friend, having a talent for caricaturing, thought fit to exercise it on the same individual, and, though the vagaries of nature, as exhibited in "the parson's nose," and other parts of his visage, were grossly and vulgarly exaggerated, the resemblance produced was identity itself; the consequence was, the men grinned, the women tittered, and the clergyman by no means relished the joke. He sat perfectly mute, and with an air of displeasure on his countenance, which intimated to us the impropriety of taking any further liberties with him.

At Cadiz there is far less to interest the traveller than at Seville. The fortifications are fine, the houses magnificent, and the groups continually seen collected in the principal market place buying and selling, most picturesque, but that air of antiquity which characterizes Seville is altogether wanting. The new cathedral composed of white marble is a splendid abortion, and though still unfinished, as indeed it ever will be, certain portions of it are so left, that a stranger viewing it at noon would suppose that the workmen were merely gone to their dinner with the intention of returning in a few minutes to their labours. Yet it is said to have been upwards of a century in its present disgraceful condition. The columns are finished with all the minuteness of the richest jewellery, but the apertures stand constantly open, and from very long exposure to a strong current of air, the surface of many of them have become miserably corroded. Seven or eight millions of dollars have been expended on this still born ruin, and as

* It is only those who have seen our *fair* friends of the South somewhat excited that can have a notion of the full action of the sanguine stream.—Ed.

port dues are to this day imposed on all shipping entering the bay, to defray the expense of its completion, the reason of its not being proceeded with can of course be no mystery. The old cathedral is inferior to many of the ordinary parish churches.

Cadiz does not abound in pictorial treasures. At the convent of the capuchins hangs the well known subject of St. Catherine, a work so feeble both in colour and design, that although it has the reputation of being the very last upon which the magic pencil of Murillo was ever employed, it is pretty apparent that the greater portion of it was executed by a far inferior hand. It has been punctured at half a dozen of its most vital points, and otherwise injured.

I heard of some private collections in the town, but was not so fortunate as to see what I understood to be the finest; namely, that of Señor Lario. The English consul, who seems to be an ardent admirer of the arts, possesses a considerable number of meritorious works, chiefly of the Spanish school, but I had my doubts as to the originality of many of them.

In a few years Cadiz may be expected to make a better figure in these matters; for she has an endowed academy, where two or three hundred pupils are instructed in modelling and drawing, under the able guidance of Señor Don Jose Canepa. I was particularly struck at the talent displayed by two young ladies of the Cinco Torres, who had executed a variety of drawings with great success; and my gratification in viewing these specimens of their skill was by no means diminished by the circumstance of their being the daughters of one of our own countrymen. I had not often the satisfaction of being so favorably reminded of my nation. In point of expense, I felt that it would have been a decided advantage to me to have belonged to any other. But of all the taxes I had to submit to from time to time, those imposed by our consuls were the most galling. These individuals, instead of facilitating their countrymen in their movements, only impede them. Parties at Cadiz, for instance, who were desirous of visiting Seville, did not scruple to say that they denied themselves that pleasure from an unwillingness to pay fees for the signature of their passports. At the hotel at which I was residing, these little dirty fees were the constant subject of discussion and reprobation after dinner.* Travellers of other nations showed us passports signed

* We rely on our correspondent's authority, and can vouch for *absenteeism* in some of our consuls nearer the capital. It is but just to our able ambassador Mr. Addington, to acknowledge his promptness in redressing the grievances of his countrymen, and his readiness to support the national dignity.—Ed.

and countersigned by consuls and ambassadors *sine fine*, but which had never cost them a farthing. I would therefore particularly caution individuals going to Spain not to have letters of introduction to these expensive functionaries imposed upon them. They are of no sort of value, and it is irksome to find that by dancing attendance upon them in the first instance, we have in some degree countenanced a system which we may presently feel it both our duty and our pleasure to condemn. One good coat is worth a thousand letters.

REVERIES ON THE FINE ARTS.

BY ONE OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

No. I.

"SUPPOSING that the English painters of the days of George the First, and his equally enlightened successor, the second of that royal house, were permitted to return to this mortal state, and were to visit our numerous exhibitions of native modern art," said Northcote, to one of his morning coteries, "I wonder what would most strike their fancies?"

"Why," answered an intelligent amateur artist, "I should think they would be most surprised at the vast advances which had been made in the manner of treating landscape and topographical composition."

"Yes," replied Northcote, turning round from his easel, shifting his spectacles from his nose to his forehead, and taking a copious pinch of thirty-seven,—I think I see the worthy cynic now before me; and can fancy I hear him holding forth,—looking through one's thoughts with his penetrating optics, and enforcing his opinions in his native west-country dialect; "Yes, I agree with-ee, but we must not forget the manifest improvements which have been made within the last half century in that difficult,—that interesting species of design, which may be denominated the dramatic style: then again, that equally pleasing, and alike interesting department of composition, which may be designated the familiar style, which depicts the every day occupations of life.—I allude to the host of clever, intelligent young chaps, who design book-prints; a numerous fry of genius, but yesterday as it were, crowding the knees of mother nature, and struggling for her

many breasts. Gude God! I wonder how she provides nutriment for her ever increasing offspring;—or, think ye, they drop from heaven?"

"I entirely agree with you, sir," said the amateur; "for if the departed painters of the last age could behold what has been achieved of late, in the dramatic, or familiar style, and were to compare their own works, what had been done from the period of Queen Anne, to that of George the Second, including all their best graphic designers, they could not fail at once to make the comparison in favor of the present school—even to the utter disparagement of themselves.

"And how happened it, think you, Mr. Northcote, that there was so great a lack of talent at the beginning of the last century amongst the whole fraternity of English artists, engravers, as well as painters?"

"How happened it! why, it is to be ascribed entirely to the apathy that prevailed amongst the higher orders of society in England, regarding all elegant mental pursuits; the want of due encouragement to native genius; and amongst other proofs, if proofs were wanting of the stubborn ignorance, the impenetrable obtuseness of taste amongst the patrician herd, in the reign of Anne, touching the arts of painting and engraving, reference need only be made to Blome's illustrated bible, a ponderous folio, containing several hundred line engravings of compositions taken from sacred history, the whole displaying the most contemptible congregate of imbecility in art,—the veriest graphic rubbish that ever emanated from the press."

"No great credit to the taste of that age to be sure, Mr. Northcote," observed another visitor; "and yet we talk of the days of good Queen Anne."

"Credit!" exclaimed the irascible painter; "why, the works of these prolific book-designers were inferior in art to the legends scrawled upon their cell walls, by drunken, drivelling monks, in the dark ages. Credit! gude Lord, save us! why, such designers were scandalized by the worsted pictures, stitched by pale-faced, silly nuns, to keep them out of mischief in the cloister:—yet, this contemptible picture book was patronized by all the lords, and all the ladies of the land. Credit! yes, sir, they might suit the connoisseurship of the queen and her court, and the other illustrious stars who beamed that intelligence, which according to a modern lordling was heretofore considered to proceed from the aristocracy alone; although such things might well be spurned by the savage who had art enough to engrave his tomahawk; I question if they would be owned by the esquimaux.—Sir, such a collection of *cuts* would now be torn to rags, and spit upon by a school-boy Hottentot."

"And is it really to be credited, Mr. Northcote, that this ponderous volume was patronized by the great?"

"Credited! how can-ee ask me so absurd a question, d'ye suppose for a moment that I would dare to utter what I have, unless I knew that it were true?—ay! to the very letter. Do-ee suppose that I am trifling with-ee? I have something better to do." Upon which the ancient, replacing his spectacles, went to work at his canvass with his wonted vigour.

All now was silence in the studio, the old gentleman was piqued; he had not, however, done with the subject, his pause was only a sort of "breathe awhile, and to it again," when turning half round, and looking askance, facing his auditory by degrees, his usual habit when excited, he recommenced. "Yes! I tell-ee, this was a great national work; a considerable proportion of the plates, which were line engravings of a large folio size, were contributed at the expense of the high aristocracy, and all were dedicated, by permission, to the Queen, the court, the ministers of state; to Dukes and Duchesses, to Earls and Countesses, to Lords and their Ladies,—I tell-ee again, to all the highest aristocratic families in the kingdom."

"There may be no mighty lack of christian charity then, in indulging the inference, that so many of the order would not bestow their money and their patronage upon a work of such magnitude, unless it were approved; and if this be not evident proof of the debased state of tastes, in England, coeval with the days of that illustrious patron of Art, Louis the Fourteenth, I am at a loss where to seek it."

"There is some satisfaction, however," rejoined the venerable cynic, "in having lived to witness enough mental improvements, through the superior taste that is displayed, even in the illustrations of mere childrens' tale-books, for infants in the nursery in the present day, when turning over the leaves of this vast picture-book, scream with laughter on beholding such a never ending collection of scaramouche saints, and caricature angels and demons as defile this sacred history, and spontaneously exercise their baby wit upon them; and well forsooth they may," rejoined the indignant worthy, "when the connoisseurship of even the superstitious nursery-maids is excited to risibility on beholding such buggaboo devils as are depicted therein."

"One cannot help marvelling at this ignorance of art amongst this order," observed the connoisseur, "because in those days every youth of birth, all the sons of wealth indeed made the *grand tour*, under the wing of some tutor, selected from the college *sapientes*, and these mentors, it might have been presumed, whilst rambling in the regions of taste,

in Italy and elsewhere, might have engrafted some portion of taste upon the stock of education already possessed by their hopeful charge."

"Humph!" ejaculated Northcote, "the blind leading the blind. It will never be much mended, as long as the education of our patrician youth is monopolized by the priesthood. Fathers should send their sons abroad, under the auspices of men of character, men of enlarged mind who know the world. What knowledge of men and things can he be expected to have picked up, whose life has necessarily been passed on a form in the school, or with a knife and fork at the table of the hall of a college. The youngster, young bruin if you please, goes abroad to play his pranks, and too often Mister Mentor, who was a bruin himself at Westminster, or Eton, at Winchester, or Harrow, is at heart now that he is become a bear wand, a bit of a bruin still; and belike as prankish too; a hopeful pair for foreigners to flatter and to fleece. Their fond fathers may once a quarter open Tom or Jerry's letters, praying for more of the needful, with a flattering postscript from Mister Mentor; but as for mental acquisition—for any thing indeed which an incipient gentleman would seek, the youth will bring back a stock that will yield a very small per centage indeed upon the cost of his classic ramble."

Surely there must have been some native artists living at the beginning of the last century who could paint, observed that amateur, for I have seen some English book-prints coeval with the age of George the First, that are not altogether so despicable.

Not English book-prints! but prints to English books, replied Northcote, we had no artists worthy the name of painters, excepting a few who painted portraits, and they were as naught. Neither had we any engravers; the French supplied us, and with their worst hands. How could those things be otherwise, when these arts here were not only neglected, but hated—contemned—despised. The Puritans—the beasts in the days of Charles the First, abominated them. His scoundrel son cared not for them; and his bigotted brother was alike *enlightened* upon the subject; then comes Mynheer Nassau, whose taste (here the cynic put on a sarcastic smile) was proverbial! He was the Mecenas who held a tallow candle, which guttered on his royal fingers, whilst Schalken illuminated his countenance into a rival sign to the red bull of Barnsley. Then comes, as ye say, "*gude*" Queen Anne, she and her sapient dane raised the price of cogniac, witniss their nightly potations, but not the price of art. As for George the First—Gude Lord! he took about as much interest in these matters as the stupidest of his heavy German dragoons, and

understood them about as much as the horse that carried him; and as for his royal son, so profoundly intelligent was his sapient majesty in these matters, that he could not comprehend the meaning even of Hogarth. * Yes! it was likely the arts should flourish under such a consecutive line of royal cognoscenti!

The arts of painting and engraving thus continued, scarcely emerging from this state of obscurity until the accession to the throne by George the Third; when early in that sovereign's reign, Mr. West arrived in England after having visited Italy, and other parts of the continent, to seek improvement in his art. Happily for the reputation of the young king, and fortunately for the future prosperity of this highly gifted painter, his majesty appreciated his talent, and rewarded it accordingly. Hence, from this auspicious epoch may be directly traced the first glimpse of hope, for the union of the British school of painting and engraving, as refers to design in the epic style of art.

Previously to this period, the best productions of the *British school of Epic design*, if indeed the whole united efforts of the artists entitled its productions to that national designation, were from the pencil of Sir James Thornhill, Kent, Robert Edge Pine, Francis Hayman, Penny, Wale, and a few more of less note than these. West at length was commissioned to paint an epic composition for the king, the subject selected from ancient history, being the departure of Regulus from Rome on his return to Carthage, which the painter accomplished to the entire approval of his royal patron, and to the admiration of all the artists, and all the admirers of art in the empire. This magnificent composition at once established the reputation of Mr. West, and opened the eyes of all the contemporary painters, to the mental powers that should be combined in the production of a grand historical composition.

It is of vast importance to the general progress of any art or science, for the professors thereof to study and to practise at the same period with a great and highly distinguished contemporary. The contemplation of this picture excited the emulation of the other practitioners in the inventive departments of art, and from this period a visible improvement marked the progress of all the artists who cultivated the more elevated pursuits of pictorial composition.

It is true that England had produced some sterling painters before the arrival of Mr. West. Sir Joshua Reynolds had already established his fame as the first living portrait painter in the world. Hogarth had achieved his inimitable works, dramatically descriptive of the scenes

of common life, and Wilson had manifested his extensive powers in the epic style of landscape composition; but that deficiency in the department of superior figure composition, which should illustrate the sublime events of history, or personify the beautiful fictions of romance, was left to be supplied by the genius of West, and that school of talent which grew up as it were under the shelter of his wing.

Original as was the genius of Hogarth, what Garrick observed when sitting to him for a sketch for a frontispiece to one of his little after-pieces, was strictly true. "You, Hogarth, can only well play a character in your own drama, in that of any other you are verily a stick."

On another occasion, said Northcote, supposing we had no evidence to the contrary, who, when contemplating the aptitude of this original painter, for the natural delineation of character, and his mastery in facial expression, might not exclaim,—"O that he had given us graphic illustrations of Don Quixotte, or Sir Hudibras, or the eccentricities of those delectables, my uncle Toby, his brother Mr. Shandy, the ineffable parson Yorick, that unique, Corporal Trim, and the other worthies of Shandy Hall." Hogarth tried his hand at them, and failed in all.

"The race is not always to the swift," said Hogarth's friend Dr. Benjamin Hoadly, when the painter failed in an attempt to personify in pictorial composition the marriage of Henry the Eighth with Anne Boleyn. In truth, he had no faculty for representing the beau ideal of his art with his painting tools, possessing indeed but a feeble perception of beauty even in the female face, and was still more deficient in his taste as to graceful form or action, although he wrote a treatise, and that by no means an indifferent one, upon these subjects, under the daring title, "*An Analysis of Beauty*," written with a "*view of fixing the fluctuating ideas of taste*." His wife, who was not his greatest flatterer, one day observed, touching this book with more truth than discretion, to say nothing of her courtesy, "It is one thing, my dear, to scribble about beauty, but quite another thing to paint it;" which induced Garrick to say to Sterne, neither of whom had much esteem for Mrs. Hogarth, "*I suppose he writes from his own ideas, and paints from his wife*."

In examining these designs of Hogarth's, for book illustrations, as well as those of his contemporaries at the present period, so richly abounding in pictorial accessories of every species of composition, one is induced to marvel at the poverty of invention and general bad taste, which prevails not only in the grouping and costume of the figures, but in the want of ideas to supply the back grounds with appropriate

scenery. Anachronisms in costume and in architecture have been, and still are endurable in the works of Rubens, and many other celebrated masters, merely from their pictorial amenities; whilst in the back ground, and accessories of the works of our designers, until the days of West, nothing that pretends to the character of composition, can possibly be conceived more worthless.

Some qualification touching the foregoing remarks may be due to the talent of the jovial Frank Hayman, indubitably the best historical painter before the arrival of West, and the ablest designer for book prints, until the coming of Cipriani. He was employed by Mr. Jonathan Tiers, the proprietor of Vauxhall Gardens—one of the most munificent patrons of art in the reign of George the Second, for whom he designed and painted a series of pictures for the decoration of the Prince of Wales' pavilion, and the alcoves in those celebrated gardens. These raised his reputation so beneficially, as they were seen and admired by every body, that he obtained the employment of all the publishers, who then began to discover that a new edition of a book of imagination had little chance of sale without graphic illustrations.

Amongst these are to be found, back-ground scenery studied with fair pretension to a certain degree of approximation to characteristic truth and fitness, which might be sought in vain in any similar attempts of the graphic works of his predecessors.

Hayman would, it is reasonably presumed, have made much greater advances towards excellence as a painter, if he had more assiduously studied his art; but Frank was a convivial soul, and felt more ecstatic enjoyment in the lamp-light revels of Vauxhall, than in the day-light operations of the palette and pencils in his studio. Frank had the credit of being, if not actually the first discoverer, certainly the first who gave the cognomen to those scare-crow demons, whose unwelcome morning visits succeed a last night's debauch; namely, "blue devils."

Clever, however, as master Frank stood acknowledged, compared with his contemporaries, he was a mannerist; his figures, even to a man, were preternaturally long legged. His *convives* frequently rallied him upon this defect, which he usually rebutted with wit and good humour. "I acquired my passion for long legs," said he to Rubenstein, a Dutch painter, one of his coterie, "out of my hatred to the short-legged rascally boors of Hemskirk, Teniers, and Ostade."

Monsieur Roquet, the enamel painter, whom he held in great regard, delectified him one night in their club at the Turk's Head, by gravely proposing to him a subject for an historical composition. "What is it, Monsieur, my hearty, hey?" "Oh," replied Roquet, in his

broken English, "a varree superbe theme for your intilligent crayon, Mistare Franks Hayman."—The club was all attention, even to the suspension of the smoke from the pipes of the convives. "Out with it," said Frank, his patience on the rack. "Why, sare," said Roquet, "the British Justinian, *King Edward Longshank*, giving his codes of laws to the Briton." Every one, but the lively Frenchman, was convulsed with laughter: he alone looked demure, and Frank Hayman roared with delight, in risible chorus, louder than all.

"Where Hogarth has failed," said Garrick to Hayman, (they were intimates,) "I should think it rash to follow." This was in allusion to his undertaking to illustrate a quarto edition of *Don Quixotte*,—that translated from the French, by Smollett. Frank, nothing daunted, replied, "be it so, but I will try my luck. He commenced his undertaking by a judicious scheme, which is well worthy the putting in practice by other artists, under similar circumstances; for it has often occurred, in personifying the same character, through a series of actions, that one bears too remote a resemblance to the other, and in some instances even none at all. Hayman, to avoid this error, employed a pupil of Roubiliac, the sculptor, to model a head from a study of what he conceived as the personification of the phiz of the renowned knight of the woeful countenance; and from this, in all the varieties of position and contour, the visage was copied in the respective characters, throughout the series of compositions. These were carefully drawn, of the same dimensions as the prints, and although superior in design to Hogarth's, which may be said without saying much in their favor, add but little to the reputation of the general stock of the book-designers of the last age.

How it happened that Hogarth, Hayman, and others, should have been so deficient in the pictorial composition of the subjects which they selected for the graphic illustration of *Don Quixotte*, is the more surprising, since the preexisting series of prints from the designs of *Coyvel* were known to, and were accessible to every artist; as these were by no means deficient in pictorial invention. So, however, it was; and it may be worthy of inquiry, by what means the artists who have of late pfactised the same inventive branches of art, have arrived to that surpassing state of graphic illustration, in every species of design, which the press has been and is constantly supplying, through the superabounding genius of a mighty phalanx of illustrious writers.

The first step towards solving the question may be obtained in the admission of the fact, that art begets art; for no individual, however great his genius, or however enlarged his perceptions, can accomplish

much by the strength of his own faculties alone. The most original and candid minded man is not aware how large a proportion of what he may fancy to be derivable from himself, may be claimed as the property of others.

With regard to pictorial composition, as applied to the painter, rich as may be his imaginative powers, the whole of his art is an affair of imitation; for he can effect nothing without the aid of a prototype, either in nature or in Art. He will consequently most excel in composition, who can most avail himself of the materials from which to select the objects of which his subject should be composed. When Sir James Thornhill painted, there was scarcely a fine collection of pictures in England, and the few great personages, who had galleries, cared nothing for the interests of native artists; hence, they were inaccessible to the painters, particularly as effected their studies. With every individual painter, the Art originated, and ended in himself. There was no academy, no national school, no national gallery, in short, no aid derivable from any quarter; and he that practised any branch of the graphic arts, proceeded unaided, and unnoticed, a solitary manufacturer of wares that no one wanted, and for which nobody cared. The wight who practised painting in England a hundred years ago, must at any rate have wedded the Art for love!—Yet, malgre this national indifference, this brutal stupidity, on the part of the great ones of our country towards the culture of the Fine Arts,—those Arts which have given renown to the greatest empires of ancient times, and immortality to the great names of those who achieved the glory,—we are taught to venerate the memory of such kings; and such courts, such ministers, such nobility, and such publics, all contemporaneous, and boast of the men of a hundred years ago. Surely the English were the least intellectual, of all countries, that assumed the character of an enlightened people, “under the canopy of heaven!” What may not, according to some men’s notions constitute a proud state of empire? an ignoramus for a king,* an imperious ministry, an unenlightened senate, a proud priesthood, relentless judges, cold blooded lawyers, a haughty nobility, an army of savages, fox hunting squires, rapacious money lenders, grovelling traders, hoggish farmers, and a swinish multitude. Something like this delectable picture of society

* We cannot help being amused at our correspondent’s indignation at the glories of the Anglo-Hanoverian age. Certainly the monarch who could say “*I hate boots and bainters, they’ve varm heads and gold hearts,*” was not likely to be a fountain of Art. He was to be pitied, for although an *Elector*, he had little enough to do with the *Elect*.—Ed.

might perhaps, once upon a time, have passed off in Europe, as characteristic of that country, and that people, which prided themselves upon their hatred and contempt for every other people upon earth. In contradistinction to this state of mentality one hundred years ago, with due allowance for the virtues not herein recorded of our glorious forefathers, with all that we suffer at present, thanks to those to whom our sufferings may in some sort be ascribed, yet may we boast the march of mind.

PROSPECT OF A NATIONAL GALLERY.

No circumstance connected with the Fine Arts can be so interesting to the artist, or to every good citizen, as the establishment of a *National Gallery*. If those Arts are capable of enhancing the charms of life, or conducing to the civilization of man, the attention of the public can not be too soon directed to so powerful a means of exalting humanity.

The National Gallery must be considered as the property of the community, like the British Museum, held in common, for the advantage of each and of all. What can be more instructive, as well as delightful, than to contemplate the very image of greatness long since bound up in the volumes of fate, bursting on our gaze with vivid permanency? What, indeed, can recall the features of the past, the very feelings of former days, like the pencil of a Raphael or a Titian, a Vandyke, or a Reynolds? But my countrymen are alive to the importance of a National Gallery, they only regret to see the treasure it contains consigned to gloomy closets, in the keep of men who little feel the importance of the charge. 'Tis this that causes us to slumber; but I see the freshening twilight dawn! the sun of expectation glimmers o'er the distant hills, and hope already plumes the pinions of genius.

Parliament has given its sanction to the plan of a building to be erected for the purpose of Art: and Mr. Hume, in supporting the grant, expressed a hope that the Institutions there to be installed, would really be National.

As various opinions are afloat respecting this building, I think it

proper to relieve the public doubt, by placing before them a copy of the vote paper of the House of Commons, which runs thus :—

NATIONAL GALLERY AND RECORD OFFICE.

An Estimate of the sum which will be required, in the year ending 31st March, 1833, for the erection of a National Gallery and Record Office.

Fifteen thousand pounds, clear of fees and all other deductions.

The estimated expense of erecting the above Building is . . .	£50,000
The amount proposed to be taken for the present year is . . .	15,000
Leaving to be granted in future years	<u>35,000</u>

The proposed building will be 461 feet in length, and 56 feet in width, in its extreme dimensions, and will consist of a centre and two wings.

The western wing will contain, on the ground floor, rooms for the reception of Records, and an entrance into the Barrack-yard, such as now exists. Above them will be the picture gallery, divided into four rooms; one 50 feet by 50 feet; two 50 feet by 38 feet each; and one room 50 feet by 32 feet; together with four cabinets, for the reception of small pictures, or for the use of the keeper. The floors to be made fire-proof.

The eastern wing, of similar extent, will contain, on the ground floor, a hall for Casts, the Library and Council Room of the Royal Academy, and a dwelling for the keeper. There will be likewise a gateway or entrance, corresponding to that leading into the Barrack yard, in the other wing.

In the basement below this wing, there will be offices for the use of the Royal Academy, and a separate set attached to the dwelling house of the keeper.

The centre building will consist of halls, vestibules, staircases, &c. for both establishments: they will be distinct and separated, but so brought together as to form one grand feature of interior decoration.

The building is proposed to be executed in stone. The central portico is to be constructed with the columns and other members of that which formerly decorated the Palace at Carlton House.

The materials of the present building are to be used in the construction of the new building, so far as they can be employed with propriety.

The whole cost of the building will be £50,000, exclusive of the old materials above-mentioned, which have been valued at £4,000.

It is impossible to state, with any degree of accuracy, the cost of the grates, air-stoves, and fittings of the buildings, which will mainly depend upon the mode to be adopted in warming them; but it may be confidently stated that it will not exceed £600.

From the above description, it is evident that the space for hanging pictures in that portion allotted to the *National Gallery*, will be at least 700 feet line of wall, and if the four cabinets are to be applied to the same purpose, it will, even allowing 80 feet for door-ways, exceed 800 feet in exhibiting line: this would admit three or four times as many pictures as the present ill-lighted and uncomfortable premises, so that until the liberality of patriotic contributors have supplied a pretty ample feast, the accommodation will suffice, and long ere then other opportunities will be pointed out.

Not a word is said about the arrangement of the exhibition rooms of the Royal Academy. As it is understood that the sculpture will be placed in an adequate apartment on the ground floor, it is natural to suppose that the division of the first floor will be parted in the same manner as the other wing, as described above for the *National Gallery*: but if the schools, which are also unmentioned in the above document, are to occupy, permanently, a considerable portion of the space, exhibitors will find their hopes disappointed; the pretext of want of room will still stand in the way of impartial justice, which can alone cause the Arts to flourish, or the Institution to prosper. If that system of instruction be continued,* which, not only in the Royal Academy, but in other Institutions throughout the country, multiplies mediocrity of talent beyond all reason or means of employment; the Gallery of the Louvre itself would not long supply ample space for our exhibition. I have neither time nor the wish to say more on the subject at present; but propose, on an early occasion, to examine the encouragement of the Fine Arts, from a point of view, somewhat different from that taken by William Wilkins, Esq., A. M., formerly Fellow of Caius College, Cambridge, R. A. and F. R. S. In the meantime I conjure all who feel the glow of honest zeal within their breast, to think of it as a subject teeming with interest; of, indeed, no less importance than whether Britons are to rise pre-eminent in Arts, as well as in honor, prosperity, and freedom; or, shamefully resign the palm that renders glory immortal.

G. F.

* This, be it understood, is an individual opinion; it is a delicate subject we shall not venture upon at present.—Ed.

OPINIONS ON ART;

WITH SOME REMARKS ON WEBB'S "ENQUIRY INTO THE BEAUTIES OF PAINTING, AND INTO THE MERITS OF THE MOST CELEBRATED PAINTERS, ANCIENT AND MODERN." ADDRESSED TO AN ASPIRANT.

OPINIONS on Art, I think a better title than any other of a more direct and exclusive tendency; for though there may be some general agreement, in matters of Art, as to the names of masters, and the schools to which they belong, yet there are few things about which men differ more than the merits or demerits of a picture. It often happens that those who pretend to judge and decide on such subjects, seldom bring into the field either the knowledge or practice of painting, or are at all aware how much belongs to acquired taste, an acquaintance with the different schools, and the style of the masters to which they belong.

It happens more frequently in the case of painting than in poetry, music, or any of the sciences, that men, in forming their opinions, follow the bias of their education, feelings, and habits. Fortunately *heresies* in Art are not punishable by law, or likely to prove fatal to the interests of individuals; and the only loss sustained from disputed points is sometimes that of temper; and it is further fortunate, that a difference of opinion sometimes favours that variety, which is an essential ingredient in the pleasure of viewing a collection of paintings.

Opinion, therefore, is a word of sufficient latitude to serve as an apology for what is advanced by the writer, and as an *amende honorable* to those who may cherish tenets of an opposite character. As your predilection for the Fine Arts may, for want of experience, mislead your judgment as to their nature and character, I shall, as far as my own knowledge and practice of them enables me, endeavour to direct your attention to such important objects as I consider most worthy of regard; without which the meretricious and the false are as likely to attract your notice, and mislead, as many have learnt before from fatal experience; and even those whom time and practice have brought to a right judgment in matters of Art, have been obliged to retrace their steps, and commence their studies anew, ere they could arrive at any satisfactory results. But this belongs more to the mechanical part of painting, than to what may be termed its more exalted and intellectual qualities.

To be acquainted with the Fine Arts is one thing, and to practise them is another; it is to the first of these I would principally direct your attention. In a knowledge of the principles of painting and sculpture, there are advantages that are not dreamt of in the philosophy of many, or they would be more assiduously cultivated, and form a more prominent feature in liberal education. Every man would then become, in some degree, an amateur, and with the capability of appreciating the merit of a work of Art, partake of the enjoyment which it affords the painter.

The knowledge of Art does not always imply the love of it: a man may be acquainted with the merits of a performance, with the different masters of the different schools, their various styles and technicalities; he may talk, or guess at names and dates, without feeling the least portion of that love which possesses the mind of the amateur. He is, in fact, a connoisseur, a man too often proud of his knowledge, tenacious of his opinion, and dogmatical in his remarks: the back of a picture is, to a thorough paced connoisseur, of as much importance as the front; nor can it be denied, that the canvass and the pannel may, in some cases, be pretty good evidence in affording some data, but by no means to be depended upon, since artists have been found who, piqued with the preference given to the old masters, have taken their revenge on the connoisseur by painting over old pictures, by which his judgment has been deceived, and he has been betrayed into the purchase of modern for ancient Art, as in the instance of Mignard, a painter in the reign of Louis XIV., and contemporary with Le Brun.

Mignard, though much employed by the court, was neither then nor since considered an artist of much eminence; and if his moderate skill could triumph over the judgment of a well known connoisseur, and a no less celebrated painter, it may serve to shew that the evidence of canvass must have supplied the place of merit in the performance; or a lucky hit in the practice of Mignard must have come in aid of his plan; for, after selling his own work as one by the hand of Guido, in judging which performance, the opinion of Le Brun had been solicited, and advanced in favour of its genuine character, one other corroborating circumstance must have swayed besides mere canvass, as, when the deception was acknowledged, and the purchase-money returned, it drew from Le Brun this sarcastic remark: "Let him always paint like Guido, and never like Mignard."

As this is one of the points (and a very tender one it is with many,) in which you may find yourself in error, do not always place it to the

account of your own ignorance, or want of skill in determining on the originality of a painting, and I may add, of a coin, a gem, or a statue, as innumerable instances might be adduced, in which men of the first judgment and skill have been mistaken in such matters.

I have known more than one case, in which the artist himself has not been able to decide upon the identity of a work attributed to him, but this has been in regard to his pictures being copied.

It is saying much for a work of art when it approaches so near to some great master as not to be easily distinguished for a copy, and though, when discovered to be such, its value may be lessened as an article of sale, or barter, it cannot take away the merit of its execution, which still remains, and may well reconcile the unsophisticated lover of art to its borrowed lustre.

It would be something like breaking down the distinction between right and wrong, not to allow the full and first credit to an original performance, otherwise invention, composition, colouring, with every other quality of Art, would be neutralized by the copyist, who needs none of these qualities: with him the eye and the hand, labour and diligence, are all that is required; with the mind or the imagination he has nothing to do. There is one thing I most especially recommend, that you should, as far as possible, acquaint yourself with the best models in sculpture, and the finest examples in painting: for though in the pursuit of Art, improvement must be progressive, you may come at once to feel and understand what is excellent, which must be equally favourable to your views as an amateur, and your practice as an artist. In whatever class the subjects of your pursuits may be found, your object must be the highest in that class; but of this in its place; and before directing your attention to the schools and masters, where the best are to be found, I shall speak of the influential nature and character of the Fine Arts.

INFLUENTIAL NATURE OF ART.

It may savour a little of enthusiasm to say, that sunshine and showers are not more requisite and beneficial to the natural world, than Literature and the Arts are to the intellectual. If this is claiming too much for the latter, I am content it should pass for enthusiasm, for without

that ingredient, in a greater or less degree, mingling with our efforts, nothing will ever be accomplished in matters, either great or small, which can be said to bear the stamp of genius, or of what is perfect in its kind.

The influential character of Art will appear, when it is considered that there scarcely exists a nation or a people, however barbarous or uncivilized, with whom some traces of Art are not to be found; rude indeed they may be, but influential they certainly are, since their misshapen Deities not only control their passions, but direct their impulses. To their weapons of war, to their implements, and to their utensils, the Arts give a value, and the ornamental decorations of these, among some of the savage tribes, are both curious and beautiful.

That, in the early periods of society the Arts should stop short in their way to improvement, cannot be matter of surprise, or that they should remain stationary among some, as the Chinese, the Hindoos, and even the Egyptians,—when it is recollected the purposes to which the Arts were applied, with the last they were in request as symbolical representations of the powers and attributes of the Deity, or as recording some passage in the life, reign, or achievements of their kings, and were influential no farther than as connected with these matters.

Their pyramids, their mausoleums, and their tombs, images of grandeur and magnificence, were, doubtless, calculated to excite wonder and admiration in the minds of the mass of the people;* but the Art itself, whether of sculpture or painting,† seems to have been merged in the names and character of the founders of these monumental edifices, whose object it was to perpetuate the memory of themselves to the latest posterity. Apart, however, from selfish or exclusive motives that might give rise to the productions of mausoleums and pyramids, the vast and the magnificent in architecture has ever been of a nature to excite wonder, awe, and admiration, and suited to temples dedicated to the worship of the Deity.

The Chinese, a vain people, who imagine themselves, their language, and their Arts, superior to all others, are not likely (if we may judge from the examples they have produced) to attend to the more abstract qualities, to be found in works of a more cultivated character.

Nevertheless, neither the Chinese nor the Hindoos should be passed

* The solidity of the Pyramids may in part be attributed to the Egyptian belief, that if their bodies were preserved, they would rise again after a lapse of two or three thousand years.—Ed.

† The late discoveries of Champollion and others exhibit the paintings found in these remains to be of a higher order than has been generally supposed to belong to the period.

over, without some attentions to such of their productions in the way of Art, as possess qualities, that may be worthy the consideration even of the proficient. The high finish bestowed on some of their works is equal to that of any of our best miniatures, and resemble in colour and detail the finest missals, but in character and expression far exceeding them; in short, they want nothing but the chiaroscuro of Art to give them as much interest as the works of any master ancient or modern can boast.

As far as the elementary part of painting, the Chinese give the materials or object of study in the most methodical way, and with the exception of the human figure, its parts, and proportions, I have seen a Chinese drawing-book with progressive examples, where the separate character of land and water, rock and foliage has been given in perfect detail, and to these were added implements of various kinds, with figures separate and in groups, all highly picturesque, and it can but excite wonder that all these preparatory objects in which the pupil is to be exercised, was to end in painting a fan, which was the last example given.

It would not be right to pass over a nation like the Jews, though there is little of Art to be traced among them, yet we find the prohibitory law against making the likeness of any thing in heaven or on the earth was not followed to the letter. In the decorations of their temple we read of bulls and lions executed in brass, nor was their Ark without images, the cherubim and seraphim are described in detail; it is, therefore, clear that the command extended no farther than to prevent their becoming objects of worship, and thus leading to idolatry. The Jews, however, do not appear to have cultivated the study of the Fine Arts to any extent or to any good purpose; their prophets speak of their proneness to image worship, and describe in terms of derision and contempt, these objects of their idolatry; holding up the absurdity, of choosing a tree, out of which they first make a figure, which they fall down and worship, and then make a fire to warm themselves of the same materials employed in forming their god. The scriptures make mention of works of Art in the way of comparison, where they say, that "words fitly spoken, are like apples of gold in pictures of silver;" which apparently alludes to some embossed works, extant at that period.

The object of these brief remarks is only to shew you that the arts of painting and sculpture were cultivated in certain ways, more or less perfect by almost every nation; and that their influence was in proportion to the state of civilization, and that they were applied to great

or base purposes, according to the nature of the people, and the state of society. It belongs to the antiquary to trace their origin, and to give the details of their state, and to mark the time of their progressive improvements.

It was not until the beautiful forms of Grecian art came to be felt and understood, that the arts could be said to have had their proper and beneficial influence on the minds and characters of men. It was then that they became the objects of regard, that the work of the artist shed a lustre upon the individual who had the good fortune to be the subject of the painter or the sculptor at this exalted period. The tame and inanimate forms of Egyptian art were exchanged for the transcendantly beautiful statues of the Greeks; here the love of art commenced, and found objects worthy of its regard; and no marvel if in times unenlightened by revelation that men should find motives to adore even "the works of their own hands in wood and stone."

From seeing these wondrous examples in high and honored places, the individual possession of similar works became a natural desire. Nations as well as individuals, became ambitious to obtain them; and the writings of the ancients bear such unqualified testimony to their excellence, that if we had not the subjects themselves in whole or in part, we might entertain some doubt of their real character, from the strain in which they have been spoken of by these writers; and it is upon their testimony that we are led to regard the character of the ancient paintings. In proof of their excellence and the exalted ideas entertained of their merits, I shall bring to your notice the work of an able writer of recent date, whose remarks throw the best light upon the subject of any I have ever met with.* His views are exalted, and in perfect accordance with what I advanced in regard to the best models. His object is with the sublime in art, but his theory in respect to the essential qualities of painting, is applicable to every class of the Fine Arts. Yet his predilection for subjects of high and exalted characters, if exclusively admitted, would be found inadequate to that full enjoyment, which is only to be derived by embracing every variety in which excellence is to be found.

It may not, however, be an unprofitable task to take our author's views of his subjects in the order in which they occur, and by comment and observation, elicit that information so necessary to the understanding and practice both of the artist and the amateur.

* An Inquiry into the Beauties of Painting, and into the merits of the most celebrated masters, ancient and modern, by Daniel Webb, Esq.

After his general plan, the author speaks of our capacity to judge of painting.

"The learned," says Quintilian, "know the principles of an art, the illiterate its effects." Instead of the term illiterate, that of the generality would have better served; the truly illiterate can scarcely be said to have the power of feeling the proper qualities of art, their understanding is similar to that of the mechanic whose powers went no farther in judging the work of Phidias than what referred to his trade. Enquire of a Newmarket jockey what he thinks of a horse painted by Rubens, or still farther back, of one by Raphael, and he would examine its points by rules, which would throw it out of all resemblance to what he conceived to be the true properties of the animal. There must be a portion of cultivated perception, a capability at least towards it, in any degree to appreciate either the mechanism or the effects of a fine picture.

"Science," says our author, "is the lot but of few; the power of feeling he asserts is bestowed on all."

"The eye," he observes, "has its principle of correspondence with what is just, beautiful, and elegant; it acquires, like the ear, an habitual delicacy, and answers with the same provisions to the finest impressions. Versed in the works of the best painters, it soon learns to distinguish true impressions from false, and grace from affectation; quickened by exercise, and confirmed by comparison, it outstrips reasoning, and feels in an instant that truth which the other develops by degrees."

This passage has that in it which is well worth the attention of the artist, though somewhat at variance with common experience, which never finds the feeling or the judgment of the illiterate competent to decide upon the merits of painting in its high or exalted character. Of the truth of imitation in some certain subjects, they may be competent to give an opinion, but their judgment does not reach to appreciate those subtleties in execution, which can throw a charm over the most ordinary object in nature, and which frequently give to the details in Flemish art all that can properly be considered of value in the performance.

The author farther endeavours to illustrate his argument in favor of intuitive judgment, by a quotation from Dionysius Halicarnassus, who observes, "that in theatres filled with a promiscuous and illiterate crowd, that a single string struck out of tune would be hissed by the whole multitude." This appears very questionable authority indeed, and must argue that general refinement, or tact in a whole people

which certainly does not belong to any country at this day. Italy and Germany may afford more of that tact or feeling in a general way, as regards the harmony of sounds, but that of colours is quite another thing; Art must be both felt and understood to be properly appreciated.

Richardson himself, a painter, and an enthusiastic lover of art, places judgment before practice, and gives the connoisseur (as I think) an undue authority over the talents of the artist.

"The truth is," he observes, "few people see the beauty of things. The objects are seen, as the sounds of music are heard, but it is necessary to have an eye for one, as well as an ear for the other, and both improved by study and application. Herein consists the difficulty of judging of a picture, as it is the true reason why there are so few good painters or good judges. 'Tis not easy to paint well, but easier than to see well;* that is an art to be learnt only by conversing with the best masters and the best authors: but even all this is not sufficient without genius and application, at least to carry a man to any considerable length."

According to the above, it only remains that any one should acquaint himself with the best master and the best models, and this will place him in the first rank of those who are said to be good judges of painting. The fact is, Richardson was a better judge of pictures, than a proficient in Art, and derived more pleasure from seeing and possessing the works of others, than in his own practice; which, confined principally to portrait painting, afforded none of those delights, which may be said to belong to the pleasures of composition, or the flights of an excursive fancy.

Bitterly, indeed, does this writer lament the drudgery of this class of painting; which in this time was so limited in its qualities and character, as hardly to raise any other wish in the painter, than when a portrait was begun, that it might be quickly done. The examples left by Richardson, Jarvis, and Hudson, with few exceptions, appear to be all cast in the same mould. Since that time, though some of the difficulties and drudgery of the practice remains, yet the varieties of backgrounds, since introduced by good taste, rich in all the beauty of appropriate scenery and accessories, place portrait painting in the rank with historical composition; at least it now affords the artist an opportunity of shewing his taste and skill in giving value to his performance as a work of Art, as well as in what regards its individual resemblance.

* Somewhat paradoxical, for to paint well, an artist must previously see well.—Ed.

But in what respects the influential effects of Art, and the advantages to be derived from it, both in the way of improvement and as beneficial to its professors, there must be not only the feeling which belongs to the many, but also a knowledge of the principles of painting, conjoined with taste and judgment, both to discriminate that which is excellent, from that which is meritorious; otherwise, that feeling which is said to belong to the many, will be ever under the dominion of fashion or caprice, and the Art will be taken up or laid down with equal indifference as a change of furniture or dress.

Our author's next subject is "On the antiquity and usefulness of Painting," which, as before hinted, he places prior to the invention of letters, a matter so universally admitted, that it may be passed over here, in order to come to what is said of the usefulness of painting, a subject which, while it is also universally admitted, includes larger and even more interesting details than appear in this writer's views of the art.

"Ovid," says our author, "takes notice of the utility as well as the pleasure we receive from an encouragement of the polite arts:—

"Each pleasing art lends softness to the mind,
And with our studies are our lives refined."

And Petronius views their effects in a moral light, observing, that violent passions dwell in the rude, but take no hold of a cultivated mind. Were we then to consider the arts merely as objects of elegant speculation, or as the means of polishing and softening our manners, we could not prize them too highly; but their effects are much more extensive:

"The powers of eloquence and music are universally acknowledged; so would be those of painting, were they as universally exercised."

Here we are necessarily brought to a pause, and are led to consider how far, in the present day, the influential nature of the art of painting has had its effect beyond music or eloquence; has it, in any sort, attained that consideration among the majority, with either good speaking, good writing, or the harmony of sweet sounds; or has it placed its professors in a state of equal independence with the professors of the arts just named? A few, indeed, of rare and distinguished talents, have found the favours of fortune showered abundantly on them; but as party is said to be "the madness of many for the gain of few," so it may be observed of art, that it is the labour of many, but the gain of few. But our business is not with what are the gains of art, but what it is in its operative and beneficial influence.

Its moral character, and its effects as such, are next brought into view.

"Agreeable to this idea, the Greek writers often speak of the drama of a painter, of the moral of painting; expressions which indicate that they considered this art as on a level, and cooperating with poetry."

The writer then produces examples as to the impressions made on the mind, and the moral effects produced on the characters of men; but these examples are all drawn from high and dignified persons, whose names are familiar in classic lore, all bearing upon subjects of an exalted kind; whereas subjects from the ordinary class of society might be shewn, with equal advantage, as to their moral effects, and calculated to interest the less cultivated part of mankind. It is not necessary for the artist to have kings and heroes, with their splendid costume and armour, to grace, or rather give character to, his subjects; he can, from the humblest condition, and with the coarsest materials of dress, produce his effects upon the minds, not only of the learned, but the illiterate. In proof, *The Paternal Malediction*, by Greuze, is drawn from the peasantry of France; their garb, their dwelling, reaches no higher than that of cottagers; yet the united efforts of the first artists could never have given more intensity of passion, or of high and dignified anger, than appears in the offended and patriarch-like character of the father; nor is there a single actor in this pictorial drama, whose expression is not in keeping with what may be termed, the mighty whole.* *Murillo's Beggars in their Rags*, and *Le Nain's Gamblers*, in their coarse and familiar costume, come home to the understanding of all. In the picture by the latter, the future culprit, the galley-slave, and the robber, are as distinctly seen in the boy as ever appeared in the features of the man; and though

"From high life high characters are drawn,"

passions and feelings belong to all. It is confining our pleasures and enjoyment of the fine arts, to be always looking up, when there are

* As a contrast to this, by the same artist, is a family piece, which represents an aged man at the head of his table, with, what may be supposed, the Bible open before him; the greater part of his auditors are fixedly attentive, except a child, whom the grandmother appears to be preventing from playing with a dog. The whole of the performance reminds us strongly of Burns' *Cotter's Saturday Night*, with the big *ha'-Bible*; nor could the robes of popes, cardinals, or prelates, give more dignity to the quiet and simple grandfather, in this interesting group. Greuze was a master in composition, which will always bring an artist through, whether his subjects are laid in a cottage or a palace.

It is many years since I saw this print, at what was Vivarie's print-shop, in New-port Street, Carnaby Market.

gems and flowers to be seen at our feet. Neither must we limit our views of painting to its moral effects, which, in the minds of some critics, are hardly allowed to exist. Paine Knight, on Taste, observes, "The only moral good that appears to result from either poetry, music, painting, or sculpture, arises from their influence in civilizing and softening mankind, by substituting intellectual for sensual pleasures, and turning the mind from violent and sanguinary to mild and peaceful pursuits."

ANCIENT ENGLISH ARCHITECTS.

INIGO JONES.

WALPOLE, in his lives of the painters, says;—"If a table of fame, like that in the Tatler, were to be formed of men of real and indisputable genius of every country, it would save England from the disgrace of not having her representative among the Arts. She adopted Holbein and Vandyke, she borrowed Rubens, she produced Inigo Jones! Vitruvius drew up his grammar, Palladio shewed him the practice. Rome displayed a Theatre worthy of his emulation, and the kings, James and Charles, were ready to encourage and employ, and as far as their starved treasuries would allow, to reward his talents." This, says Walpole, is the history of Inigo Jones. We do not agree with the noble author, that the life of this great artist has been so often written, as to require but a short account now; for, except the memoir in the Biographical Dictionary, a work in the hands of but few, we have but short details of the life of a man who forms an important feature in the Arts of this country. The dawn of Palladian Architecture, which had faintly broken upon us, in the reign of James I., would have, perhaps, gained meridian splendour in that of his son, had not public calamities effectually checked its progress. To the genius of Inigo Jones, who had imbibed the true spirit of the Palladian school, then flourishing in the Venetian states, in which he had studied, we owe the reformation of the national taste; and Inigo Jones will be ever considered as the father of classical Architecture in England; and after the many innovations of his immediate predecessors, the most successful designer, to whom the superior convenience and elegance of modern

English houses are to be attributed.* We have, in our memoranda before us, the words of an author, (whose name and work have unfortunately slipped our memory,) the following account of the subject of this memoir—which as some part of it seems probable, we give the whole to our readers. He says:—"As several contradictory accounts of Inigo Jones have crept into different works, I offer the following one as authentic, it being formed on a tradition which has been handed down from father to son, at Llanrwst, in North Wales, where the stone bridge over the river Conway bears incontrovertible marks of the truth. Sir John Wynne, of Gwidyr, whose daughter married the Duke of Ancaster, and whose estate became afterwards the property of Sir Peter Burrell, in right of Lady Willoughby,—built a bridge of seven arches over the river, on which Ynir (Inigo) Jones was employed as a labourer, who, being at work on the bed of the river, when Sir John was on the bridge, he was heard to say to his fellow-labourers, 'that the bridge just built would most assuredly be carried away by the first great summer floods,' (which are frequent in these parts in consequence of thunder storms in the mountains, which bring down hay, corn, wood, &c. :) adding, 'If I had the direction of it, I would form a great arch from that rock to that rock, and one small arch at both ends, and thereby to build a bridge to stand many hundred years.' As Jones had stated, the bridge was thrown down the following summer. Sir John Wynne then sent for Jones, examined him on what he had said, and found him so perfect in his plan, for a bridge which he sketched out with chalk on the flag stones, (for he could neither write nor read) to the great surprise of the baronet. The whole business of constructing a new bridge was intrusted to him, which was executed in such a masterly manner, that it remains to this day the admiration of the first architects; and notwithstanding the great arch built of rough stone, over which timber of great magnitude is carried, beholders are often frightened by any one shoving against the battlements, and making it shake under them. Sir John Wynne, it is said, sent Jones to school, and afterwards to Italy, where Ynir was changed to Inigo, in compliment to the Italians, who could not pronounce the Welch christian name."—Query: Might not Sir John Wynne be the "same great lord at court!" mentioned by Walpole, as sending Jones to Italy. "The bridge across the Conway," says Mr. Evans, in his *Beauties of Wales*, "is considered the most prominent object, and was built after a design by Inigo Jones, who furnished the design of Llanrwst Chapel,

* Observations on English Architecture, by the Rev. James Dallaway, 1806.

Denbighshire; but the bridge, though contemporaneous, was a public work, having been constructed by an order from the privy council, in the 9th of Charles I., and the expense estimated at £1,000, conjointly defrayed by the counties of Caernarvon and Denbighshire. Though not a magnificent, it is a handsome structure, consisting of three arches, the central one the largest, measuring 59 feet in the span, the collateral arches are of lesser dimensions, one of which is said to have been rebuilt by an inferior genius, in 1703: the centre consists of a much larger portion of a circle, than the remaining two, and the segment of each has the chord less than the diameter. It is a circumstance quoted by many, that this bridge is formed upon such nice principles, that when a person pushes against the large stone placed over the middle arch, the whole fabric may be felt in vibrating motion. But if this very dubious property of large structures be admissible at all as a proof of due proportion in masonry, it can only be applied to such as are very massive, and carried to a much greater elevation in the atmosphere than the bridge in question.

Mr. Pennant in his *Tour in Wales*, vol. ii. p. 141, calls Llanrwst bridge, the boasted plan of Inigo Jones, and says rather obscurely, "I wish I could do more honour to my country than suppose him to have been a descendant of this neighbourhood, but he seems to have been by birth a Londoner according to Walpole, the son of a cloth worker, who in all probability was a native of this part of Wales, but our country is right to claim the son, which is done by *universal tradition* of the country: the turn of his countenance, and the violence of his passions, at least legitimate, no distant descent." This is therefore some corroboration of the first account of Jones. Mr. Pennant then proceeds to say, that Sir *Richard Wynne* procured from Jones the plan of this bridge, of which he was the founder in 1636: (the chapel before alluded to was founded in 1633)—determined to do his country all possible honour by the beauty of a design invented by an architect to which Wales at least had a near relation. Yet, among all the family papers of the Wynnes, there is not the least mention of Inigo Jones, which would have been the case had he been an élève of the Wynnes, as has been popularly asserted. There is one circumstance, continues Pennant, attending this great genius which deserves mention, as it bears some relation to the country from whence he may have derived his origin. When he was employed to furnish rare devices, and paint the scenery for the masques of the festive year 1619, he painted the *Creigie'r eira*, or a scene in Snowdonia, *for the masque for the honour of Wales*; he did it with such success as to excite the

envy of Ben Jonson, for the scenes were more admired than the entertainment, which might very well be, but Jonson was so offended, as to give vent to his spleen in a copy of verses, as imbecile as they were rancorous and ill-founded. The birth of Inigo Jones seems to have been in the year 1572, in the neighbourhood of St. Pauls, London, where his father Mr. Ignatius Jones* was a cloth worker, a catholic in religion, wealthy and reputable. At a proper age Inigo was apprenticed to a joiner, a business, said by his early biographers, that requires some skill in drawing; and in that respect suited well with the inclinations of our future architect, who seems naturally led to the art of designing. He must have had more than a *joiner's* taste for the arts, for we are told that he early distinguished himself by the extraordinary progress which he made with his pencil, and was particularly noticed for his skill in landscape painting, of which there is a specimen at Chiswick House, in which, although the colouring is very indifferent; yet, the trees are freely and masterly imagined. His education must have been very considerable for his situation in life, for although we do not know how he came by it, we know he possessed as much learning as carried him through the latin quoting court of King James.

Mr. Cunningham, in his *Lives of the Architects*, article Jones, very properly says, that if he was apprenticed to a joiner, as mentioned by Vertue, his father could hardly have been the rich merchant he is described. But it is perfectly well known that the character of In—and—In-Medley, the joiner, of Islington, by Ben Jonson, was meant for Inigo Jones; and although, according to Dr. Fuller, the poet wrought at the buildings of Lincoln's Inn with a trowel in his hand and a book in his pocket, he did not hesitate to satirize Jones for having touched the handsaw and the plane. It is said, his talents as a painter recommended him to the Earl of Arundel, or, as some say, to William Earl of Pembroke, to whom it is just possible he might have been introduced by the Wynne family. Walpole thus divides the expenses of his early Italian tour between these noblemen. Webb, who married a cousin german of Jones's, and who must have known, as Mr. Cunningham says, all concerning this, is silent; and Lloyd, who might have known, mentions Pembroke alone. Jones, it is certain, studied both in France and Italy, and resided at Venice alone, during his first journey, many years. Leland, in his *Collectanea*, p. 647, settles it to a certainty, that when the king visited Oxford in 1605, Jones being then 33 years old,

* It is observable that his Christian name is Spanish, and his father's Latin.

he was retained by the university to prepare for the masque to welcome the king; and this is the earliest instance in which Mr. Dallaways has discovered that Jones was employed as an architect in this country. Leland's words are, "They hired one Mr. Jones, a great traveller, who undertook to further them much, and to furnish them with rare devices, but performed little to what was expected. He had for his pains, as I have constantly heard, £50." This notice fixes his earliest visit to France and Italy, to a period before 1605; but it was only in that very year that Lord Arundel, says Mr. C., came of age. Lord Pembroke was a little older, and it is unlikely that either of them should have been efficient patrons, five or six years earlier, when they were mere striplings (vide Collin's Peerage); this causes him to think, rather that Jones was sent abroad, and there maintained at the cost of his own family, he being an only son, and having but one sister. Besides, *Philip*,* Earl of Pembroke, became afterwards the rancorous enemy of our architect; and, amidst all the abuse which he lavishes upon him, never alludes to the expenses of his studies having been defrayed by Earl *William*; nor does Inigo himself, in the opening paragraph of *Stonehenge Restored*, where he has occasion to allude to his early travels, drop the least hint of his having performed them under any ones patronage; he says, "Being naturally inclined in my younger years to study the arts of design, I passed into foreign parts, to converse with the great masters thereof in Italy, where I applied myself to search out the ruins of those ancient buildings, which, in despite of time itself, and violence of barbarians, are yet remaining. Having satisfied myself in these, and returning to my native country, I applied my mind more particularly to the study of architecture." Mr. C. thinks this can hardly be the language of a man who travelled upon the strength of a patron's purse, nor does it read like the

* In the Harleian Library was an edition of *Stonehenge*, which formerly belonged to *Philip* Earl of Pembroke, called by R. Symondes, the bawling coward; and the margins of which were written by him, not on the work, but on the author, or any thing else. "I have," says Walpole, "such another common-place book, if one may call it so, of Earl Philip, *The Life of Sir Thomas More*." In the *Stonehenge* are memorandums, jokes, witticisms, and abuse, on several persons, particularly on Cromwell and his daughters, and on Inigo, whom his lordship calls INIQUITY JONES, and says he had £16,000 a year for keeping the king's houses in repair. This might be exaggerated, but a little supplies the want mentioned of any record of the rewards bestowed on so great a man. It is observable that the earl, who does not spare reflections on his architect, never objects to him, his having been maintained in Italy, as above. Nor does Webb, in his preface to the *Stonehenge*, though he speaks of Inigo being in Italy, say a word of any patron that sent him thither. Earl Philip's resentment to Jones was probably occasioned by some disagreement, while the latter was employed at Wilton,—yet Webb dedicated "*Stonehenge Restored by Jones*," to this nobleman!

language of any one whose youth had been spent at the joiner's bench. Might not the master, to whom he was apprenticed as a joiner, be a builder also, as this was the only part of the business that could require "some skill in drawing."

To be continued.

NEW MODE OF PAINTING.

To the Editor of the Library of the Fine Arts.

SIR,

CONCEIVING that one of the objects of your valuable journal is to bring to light such slight essays, &c., penned by artists or amateurs, as might not be of sufficient importance to be published in a separate form, and thereby, would, but for your aid, be lost, although they may contain matter that would prove useful to the student—I venture to send you the accompanying outline which I have drawn up, which contains the principal features of a peculiar method of drawing, which I have reason to believe is not so generally known as it deserves to be. I have as yet seen but three persons—two of whom were amateurs—who have practised it so as to produce any thing worthy the attention of an artist: several in London to whom I have mentioned it, assuring me that they were entirely ignorant of the process, and indeed had never seen a specimen of it. I allude to what is called by the few who *are* acquainted with it, grease or tallow drawing, from the material, or to use a term of art, the vehicle on which the peculiar effects produced by it depend. However, under this unprepossessing title, it will be found to possess several properties which may prove serviceable to the most experienced artist. But I will proceed at once to describe as far as can be done on paper, every thing connected with the mechanical part. The principal requisites are, good London or other card, very smooth, not spungy, but solid, and of a moderate thickness, tallow or lard, and fine blacklead, the best of which is the dust derived from the manufacture of drawing pencils, the softest and blackest that can be got. The card must be cut to the intended size of your drawing, as no margin can be conveniently left. It must be rubbed over with a piece of tallow candle (a dip rather than a mould, as the latter are too hard); if the weather is at all warm, or if in

winter with some clean lard, spread thinly with the fleshy part of the finger; too much should not be applied in either case. The card must then be rubbed over backwards and forwards for some time, till all the superfluous "grease" is drawn off, which should be done over the edge of the card, and the surface is quite even without any streaks or ridges; the best way to accomplish which is, by dabbing, but nothing can be used but the tip of the finger in this stage, it is now ready for receiving the design. But it is by no means necessary to draw an outline (indeed the application of the shading would soon efface any marks that might be made on the card), but it should be rubbed in at once by strewing on a spare bit of card, some black lead, and a very small portion of lard, rubbing these together until quite fine and mixed; then taking a little of this tint on the end of the finger, lay it on for the sky very broad and even; with a little pains it may be, if required, made as smooth as mezzotint or engraving, leaving an indication of light for the principal clouds, and rather deeper than the rest for their shaded sides. Next proceed, faintly at first with the distance, and middle distance, adding as you go on more lead to your palette, as the card on which the tint is mixed may be designated, until you come to the fore-ground, where great depth may be necessary, black lead alone may be used; trunks of trees also, and other objects of a similar character may be rubbed in with a stump, either of leather or paper, well rubbed on the "palette," until a firm and rather blunt point is formed; in this stage of the process the drawing ought to look like a rough, unfinished mezzotinto. Your composition being tolerable, if you intend to finish the drawing (in which great perfection is attainable), the sky must be made quite smooth with the finger, and the clouds connected in form, by wiping the lights with a piece of fine cassimere, or other woollen cloth, and then finished by scraping in the manner of mezzotint, with a thin flexible penknife, rather rounding in the edge, without notches, and not too sharp. By the assistance of the cloth, rays of light descending or rising from the sun may be executed with great softness and transparency: the orb of the sun also, and its effects on mist may be rendered with great truth and delicacy. In using the knife in the sky, or indeed in any part of the drawing, great lightness of touch is desirable, in case of having to alter any part, as the card may be rendered woolly, unless it should be very good indeed. Next continue the distance, &c., trees in the middle ground, water, ruins, and other objects, and as you approach the fore ground, the peculiar advantages of the method will be apparent, as you may efface, alter, and renew your effect, until you

are completely satisfied with it; in the course of which proceeding, the artist will discover beauties in the arrangement of light and shade, &c., that he might have endeavoured for some time in vain to effect by any other mode of practice. The use of the pencil will also be in requisition in this stage. The lights of all objects too must be finished with the knife, such as weeds, foliage, trunks of trees, ripples on water, &c. When you arrive at the nearest parts of the foreground, the finger, stump, pencil, knife, &c., will all be brought into action by the combined use of which, great force and richness may be obtained, resembling, and indeed rivalling the texture and softness of Martin's mezzotintos, to a higher degree than any thing in mere drawing might be supposed capable of producing. And when the drawing is completed, and the artist able to judge with more certainty of the whole effect, should any part be found defective, or in any way to interfere with the harmony or keeping, by the application of a little lard on the end of the finger, it may be removed, and the card left as clean as at first (nearly), sufficiently so at least for all the purposes of the artist; and fit for the reception of a new idea. I cannot but think that it is an excellent method of making drawings for the use of engravers, as the effect may be brought so near to that of engravings that the artist would merely have to copy the drawing as nearly as possible, without being obliged to think in what manner he is to transfer the effect of colour upon copper, which is sometimes a matter of anxiety to him, when copying from water colour drawings; and as the public seem at present to require small highly-finished plates at a low price, I should think that any thing tending to expedite the engraver's task would be acceptable to him. It is also highly adapted for such artists as engrave from their own designs, as they will be able to judge, before beginning any work, whether it would tell well in print. Artists also in the other branches of the profession may likewise reap some advantages from being acquainted with it, as it affords such facility of studying effect; and many would, no doubt, be satisfied with carrying it so far, without proceeding further to finish, as a few minutes only are sufficient to change totally the character and effect of a drawing. They might thereby save much time which is lost in the more tedious processes of oil or water-colour painting; in the first of which, if not satisfied with your performance, you must either efface what has taken some time to execute, or wait till it is dry to alter; and in the last, to sponge out what may not please; but here there is no necessity for waiting, and if you efface, it is only what has cost but little time, and which as

short a time is required to alter or amend. I ought, at the same time, to mention, that no mere tyro can avail himself of it, as it requires some knowledge of all the elements and principles which are necessary to form a good picture; and in proportion as the artist has a command of composition, taste in chiaro-scuro, and an intimate acquaintance with all the beauties and details of nature, so much greater perfection will he be enabled to attain; for, notwithstanding the facility of execution which it affords, it will require some practice to produce a drawing entitled to much notice; indeed, there are some subjects which are, from their nature, unsuited to it, such as heath scenery, canals, flat views, &c.; but for the pastoral, such as Claude delighted and excelled in, and such as are most in demand for annuals and illustrations, &c. viz. a mixture of wood and water, hill and dale, and all the delicious amenities of forest scenery (in which for breadth, in unison with elaborate detail, it is highly adapted), I know of no style to compare with it (setting colour aside). The practice is also very fascinating, the objects springing up, as if by magic, under the hand. I have known persons well acquainted with all the other styles of art, while looking over a friend engaged upon it, rivetted to his side with delight, and that in the early stage of his practice. In conclusion, you are at perfect liberty to make what use you please of this communication, if you think it worthy of insertion in your journal I shall be satisfied; if not,—burn it, or any thing else you please. Yours, &c.

REGINALD ST. PAUL.

BRITISH MUSEUM.—THE ELGIN MARBLES.

JUST as the last number of the former series went to press, the British Museum was re-opened to the public after the recess. Without wishing to follow in the steps of those censors of men and things, who condemn effects without reference to causes; we cannot help expressing our regret, that at *any* season, it should be found necessary for public measures or private gratification, to close the doors of a National Institution; thereby depriving those of our countrymen who can only devote a limited period to the attractions of the metropolis, and those foreigners who may visit our shores, perhaps for the first and only time, of the possibility of contemplating the chief depository of Art and Science in England. Individuals in every station require occasional

repose; yet, without any considerable stretch of intellect, a scheme might doubtless be devised by which the necessity of private considerations should be prevented from clashing with a question of national importance. The fountains of knowledge, like the temples of the presiding deities of the ancients, should ever be open to the devotion of the public; yet, so far from feeling authorised to view our grandest institutions with a patriotic glow, we cross their thresholds as if soliciting a favour, and view their contents with curiosity, almost unmixed with national pride. We perceive some of the minor restrictions are abolished, such as presenting tickets at the doors, *allowing* an entrance, and the chance of arriving at a part of the Museum, where, having previously delivered our credentials, we are also allowed to enter on the belief, entertained by a door-keeper, that we really had the legitimate ticket, but had offered it at another entrance. This is *one* step—a small one to be sure!

We will not, in the usual style, assert that happening to be near, we dropped in;—but we declare, unblushingly, that we set out with the decided intention of visiting the new building, now erecting behind the old “Montague House.” Honour to Smirke! He is, indeed, a man to be trusted with the dignity of a nation, nobly has he answered the expectations formed from his acknowledged abilities; rescuing us from the obloquy of the brick hovels that have hitherto disgraced our metropolis. We feel personally indebted to him for a higher species of pride, than we are generally accustomed to experience.—He has impressed us with grand ideas, and it is our duty to return thanks for the favour. Our readers may, doubtless, have beheld the beautiful suites of apartments in the right wing,—comprising the King’s Library, a magnificent apartment 300 feet in length, the Reading Rooms, and on the floor above, the Cabinet of Natural History. We trust, however, that many of them have not yet beheld the unfinished left wing, as we shall deserve their gratitude for directing their attention to the “sanctum sanctorum of our heart’s delight,” “our eyes’ most choice beholding:” or, in plain English, the gallery of the Elgin Marbles. We fear, if we begin to expatiate on its beauty, and our feelings, that our readers will deem us too enthusiastic to be critical; but to a mind whose earliest dawn was illumined by these wonders of purity and grandeur, to behold them rescued from a mere atelier, and transferred to an abode worthy of them, is a source of mental ecstasy, too exquisite not to be divulged. The transition from the dull vaults, where ancient grandeur was formerly consigned to indifference to the present beautiful and brilliant gallery is almost dazzling. The reader will, we

are sure, pardon us, when we venture to assert, that our first view of this "palace of light" was a moment of that overpowering emotion, which "thrills even to the eye's fountain." We felt on classic ground! the arrangement is so admirable, that notwithstanding the multiplicity of objects, there is in the distribution an appearance of lightness that fascinates. At present, the student may, perhaps, suffer from too much light, a defect, (if it be one) that is shortly to be remedied. But we cannot venture now to criticise, we will at some future time return to the task. We feel we ought to conclude as we began. Honour to Smirke!

DRAMATIC EFFECTS.

WE would recommend any of our readers who wish to see despair and cankering misery depicted in the most palpable colours, to see Macready in Colberg (we do not meddle with the merits of the tragedy). In the last acts he is magnificently frenzied,—we never saw a finer picture of harrowing wretchedness. It is so abject—so fearful,—that it made us very uncomfortable. His costume is very chaste and correct. Miss Phillips also deserves the highest praise for her awful, yet beautiful assumption of the maniac daughter, after Colberg has assassinated her lover. Strange to say, she is even more beautiful than in her ordinary vestal tranquillity. Were it not for her *pronunciation*, she would,—but we trespass.

To the lovers of the light and elegant, the new chandelier and ceiling decorations at Covent Garden must be very gratifying. *LA PORTE de Covent Garden conduit à une salle enchanteresse.*

The ball-room scene in "His First Campaign," which extends the whole depth of the stage, is brilliant, but not tasteful. If we are to judge of it from the old adage of "hold a candle to the * * *" we should imagine one had been held to every critic in London. But give us *the fight* for our money, it is really very good; in the generality of sieges the *desideratum* is bonâ fide living dead bodies,—we dislike stuffed figures; here, however, *flesh and blood* tumble about to our heart's content. Nimeguen is taken with great éclat, and the future Marlborough reaps laurels and the secret of a noble girl's devotion. Turenne's and Churchill's costumes are admirable. Charles Kemble's face would suit Turenne better than Warde's; but he plays it well.

The map scene is exceedingly graphic; we recommend it to some of our brethren,—it admits of much. The costume, the expression, the intention, are favourable.

We turn with delight to Sheridan Knowles' *glorious* play of the Hunchback to notice one of Ellen Tree's best looks (and she has many). In the last act, where, after her splendid and despairing burst, she resigns herself to the gentle expostulation of Master Walter, she assumes a look and attitude of quiet dignity that fascinated us. What a subject for Newton. Although, perhaps, out of our sphere, we cannot resist noticing that this delightful, and hitherto *repressed* actress, does her best to speak her mother tongue purely. In the vehement scene we have just alluded to, her distinct articulation, yet passionate and emphatic delivery, stamps her as a mistress of elocution. Rage in common life may be indistinct; but the art of the actor should divest it of an ignoble characteristic.

We cannot help doing justice to Miss Taylor, since we are upon the "fine art" of speaking: her delivery is very English; we are stubborn in our likings, we love our mother tongue, yet we are not so bigotted as not to listen with pleasure to Laporte's Gallic-English. To Miss Taylor also is a very singular merit due—singular for an English actress,—that of dressing well. She is altogether a very ladylike, pleasing personage, and the best *pouter* on the stage.

We are led into these observations, having witnessed, with the greatest pain, our exquisite language tortured into a barbarous jargon, that would disgrace the dialect of our remotest provinces. We regret it deeply; for, with the highest respect for the powers of some of our most talented actresses, we view the progress of this *blight* with patriotic solicitude and concern.

The opportunity for theatrical and scenic display, afforded to the management of Drury Lane Theatre, by the decease of the great northern magician, has not realized the expectations that had been created by the splendour of former pageants. Some of the dresses are good, and some portion of the action appropriate; but the only points of real attraction are Miss Philips' personation of Queen Elizabeth,—which is beyond praise—and Stanfield's view of Abbotsford; in which splendid creation of his pencil, his skill in delineation, and his taste in the arrangement and accessories, have united to produce his *chef-d'œuvre*. Abbotsford has ever been an object of the deepest interest

to travellers; but, now, the ground is classic, and will become a shrine for literary pilgrimage. Those who have ever beheld the reality, will feel their bosoms dilate on viewing this pictorial illusion; but, what can be said of the change of scene, which, according to the bills, is intended to represent "the Poet's study at Abbotsford." Was ever such a study? Having passed many happy days at that hospitable mansion, we can affirm, without fear of contradiction, that no room, from the attic to the wood-cellar, displayed such vile taste. A national theatre ought to have set a better example of correctness, and not have offered such an insult to the public, as to advertise a scene, so exciting to attention as the Poet's study, and to impose on them so degrading a substitute—rose-pink walls, decorated with armour only! It is certain that Sir Walter prided himself on the possession of many curious and perfect specimens of armour, but they were to be found in his hall and armoury; his private study was a comfortable room, well stored with books, and surrounded by a gallery, for the greater convenience of arranging and selecting the mental wealth it contained;—but oh! the room styled the library, with its rich gothic bay windows and splendid oak ceiling, with pendants of rich carving, taken from models obtained from Melrose Abbey, with the appropriate furniture and accessories.—Surely such a scene, surmounted as it was by the Stratford Shakspeare, would have been more in harmony for the grand apotheosis, than the gaudy, unmeaning, Christmas pantomime temple, selected by the bad taste of the management. Where could devotion's tribute have been more appropriately offered, than in his own domestic temple, "above all soaring domes," where his mind had been fostered, and whence its varied powers had been diffused over the civilized world; where better could his bust have been crowned, or his coronach sung than in that very temple, built under his own directions, and about which his spirit still hovers!

We had hoped to congratulate our readers unreservedly on the production of a Masque worthy of the great Scottish minstrel, advertised for some time past, as about to be brought out at Covent Garden Theatre. We went there with the expectation likely to be called forth by the nature of this tribute to departed worth, and without being childishly anticipatory, we were in such a train of good feeling as to be fired with the slightest spark. Great has been the struggle of poetic fervour, pictorial illusion, and dramatic contrivance, to do honor

to the Minstrel of many lays ;—yet withal, we have not yet beheld a fitting dirge.

The piece at Covent Garden is splendidly got up, much has been done, considering the time—less, perhaps, would have done as well ; a pageant suits the elastic humour of revelry, but is scarcely in accordance with the solemnity of regret. This may, perhaps, be considered hypercritical ; but we cannot help reflecting, that a simple view of Sir Walter's library, worked into reality by the painter's best efforts, and a carefully modelled figure of its gifted inmate, in the attitude of study, upon which production, refined Art should have been lavished, would appeal more forcibly to our sympathy than the ordinary splendour of every day dramas. Death and futurity divide the masque ; we behold the fresh tomb and its crumbling remains in a distant age : in pondering over the memory of the dead, we yearn for the living, and turn with sickening heart from the cold vault to the slightest relic of departed greatness, and Abbotsford, still irradiate in our fancy with the halo of Scott, offers a more pleasing source of present enjoyment, tinged with the shade of melancholy that adds to its beauty, than the mind's vision of a distant age, where that enchanting spot presents but a " ruin grim and grey," conveying a moral even more forcible than was necessary to enhance the dignity of the scene.

The curtain rises, and discovers a very imposing view of Dryburgh Abbey,—the resting place of Scott,—whose hallowed tomb, half in shade, with his name simply carved, is placed in the centre of the pile. Any transition from the deep green curtain must strike the eye with pleasure ; it is not a fair test of complete success. This scene, however, is very beautiful, its composition is so exceedingly harmonious, that we regret the execution, which is comparatively feeble : it wants sharpness and depth ; and we really must object to the *pea-green* blue employed by scene painters in moonlights. The receding part of the abbey strikes us as being incorrect in tint ; it hardly accords with the more glowing middle ground which is very picturesque, particularly the gothic window, telling against the white cloud. We cannot conceive a more beautiful subject ; if the painter had not been hurried, he would have done himself more justice. As it is, however, it is well worth seeing. The *tableaux vivans* are rendered rich and beautiful, from a similar contrast to that which we have just instanced ; the cold grey clouds glide away and leave the varied hues of these animated little pictures to plead their fascinating tale. The Lady of the Lake opens the series very beautifully, and changing to Guy Mannering, and in succession to the Antiquary ; the transition

from the cool sea shore to the glowing mountain pass of Rob Roy is very delightful, then to the Heart of Mid Lothian, Ivanhoe, Old Mortality, with a bad moonlight effect, and finally to Kenilworth, where the court of Elizabeth glows with varied splendour; but boasts not such a queen as Miss Phillips. The last scene, which is very imposing, presents the creations of the illustrious poet, as they live fresh in immortality, the objects of devotion to a distant century. His loved abode has yielded to the touch of time, and his tomb, half sunk amidst the scattered fragments of Dryburgh Abbey.

There is something in the Drury Lane pageant that comes more home to us, notwithstanding "his study." It is enough to have lost the enchanter of Abbotsford, without being forced to contemplate a shrine of pure devotion fast crumbling into dust. Our heads have been appealed to by these pageants, but there is yet a void in our hearts.

It is a curious coincidence that on this melancholy occasion, the scene painters names are Mr. Grieve, Mr. T. Grieve, and Mr. W. Grieve.

In the new version of *ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL* at Covent Garden Theatre, we notice such bold, not to say violent departures from the spirit of the original that we are inclined to wonder what will next be attempted. However we may regret the appropriation of modern music to a play written by the greatest of dramatic poets in an age of melody, no doubt the improvement in the costumes of the *Dramatis Personæ* compensate in some degree for the modern garb given to the bard of a by-gone century. To us all attempts at improvement are pleasing, considering them as so many experiments, whereby the judicious, and through them, the world at large may profit; and esteeming the new manager of the above named theatre one of the most active and successful experimentalists in the scenic department, we expect much from his ingenuity, and venture to suggest the following memoranda for future attempts.

1st. To adopt the method of lighting from above, which was once or twice attempted at the opera last season, and first urged by the celebrated French actor Lekain, in 1770, who very properly called the present method the reverse of nature. How preposterous, indeed, for all the scenes, whether composed of buildings or trees, to be lighted by a meridian sun, whilst the living figures receive the glare of a row of lamps at their feet! Gas-light could easily be applied to the natural and therefore proper effect. Without this alteration in the theatres, all others can be but imperfect; the very scenic pictures that a Stan-

field, a Roberts, a Grieve, expose to the enraptured eye, are denied the effect of perfect illusion, from the want of unison between them and the surrounding objects: it is as though in a landscape, the distance was represented by broad daylight, whilst the foreground, in opposition to all probability, received the glare of subterraneous flames.

2nd. The costumes ought not only to be accurate according to the period of historical representation, but also to agree with the age and condition of the individuals who are to sport them, to tally perfectly with the poet's impressions, to depart occasionally from the representations contained in missals or sculptured on ancient monuments, in proportion to the eccentricity of the character. These are points of the greatest importance, if truth, knowledge, and illusion are desirable on the stage.

At the Adelphi Rip Van Winkle continues to attract. The actors themselves we leave to other critics; the scenery is in general of the usual character, one scene where Rip wakes from his *twenty years nap* is very beautiful. The inauguration of Rip in the Kaatskill mountains, the spectre crew, and the beautiful effect of the pass with the distant moonlight are beyond praise. The last appearance of the phantom ship is very cleverly managed. The dull deep-toned interior melting into the spectre vessel is well worth seeing. There is great credit due to the management of this theatre, having *such* a stage.

ECCENTRICITIES OF BARRY.

[Although we have abstained from giving any anecdotes of Barry in the memoir we present, the following, kindly furnished by a Correspondent, may be acceptable to the lovers of characteristic traits.]

ECCENTRICITY arising from the claims of genius may be allowed, but to a sensible and reflecting mind it cannot but be rather humiliating, that when it is granted, it is an indulgence gratuitously given, as to a spoiled child, whose charms disarm resentment in consideration of its playful petulance. Eccentricity sometimes springs from an overween-

ing delusion of self-conceit, pride, or vanity, and displays itself in affected delicacy of taste, or sentiment. This is generally the case when the individual has been pampered and fed by friends, with an opinion of excellence and superiority, in some way or other. Again, it is apt to display itself by rude behaviour, abruptness of spirit, and an unqualified mode of argument, in matters, where a difference of opinion is advanced. It is then, that language knows no bounds, and an argument becomes a duel in the form of a debate. This kind of eccentricity for the most part, springs from disappointment; when a consciousness of talent is left to combat as it may, the neglect of the world; or the mortification of seeing inferior abilities in high places. In politics it makes a demagogue: in the more retired walks of science and of art, an ascetic. Such was Barry, who imagined he was mortifying the world, when he despised its customs, and society, when he ceased to mingle in its pleasures and partake of its enjoyments.

An utter contempt for appearance, Barry had in common with many others; his clothes or his furniture were in no way regarded by him, more than that the first served as covering for his body, and his chairs, tables, and bed might be of any fashion, so long as they served to eat, sit, or sleep on. Of his bed, an anecdote is told, that when Valentine Green called upon him, the doors of a closet that contained it, by some chance flew open and exhibited a nest in which the colour of the sheets, blankets, and coverlid, were (to use a term of Art) "toned down" to a hue, from which their original colour could hardly be guessed at. Barry, who well knew the character and habits of Green to be the antipodes of his own, made light of the discovery by observing—

"Aye, that's my bed, it has not been made these five years."

There was a time, when Barry gave his lectures at the Royal Academy, that his apparel was suited to the dignity of his office, and in addition to a pompadour coloured coat and waistcoat, a bag and sword were appended. Not so, after his occupation of professor was no more; when his dress might truly be said, to be more for ease than elegance.

His tailor (who was known to the writer of this article) was always thrown into the greatest perplexity on taking home any part of his dress. It was in vain that he looked round for table, stool, or chair, on which to place his bundle; dust or cobwebs covered all; and it was only by putting his foot upon a chair, he could untie the handkerchief upon his knee, and so hand the articles it contained to his employer; and though pained to see the way in which they were handled, he consoled himself that they were out of his charge, and by

him delivered clean and in good plight. Trying them on was the work of a moment; and if they allowed scope for action in all his movements, or, in other words, if they fitted like a shirt, it was all Barry required.

A very ludicrous circumstance took place on his first wearing a wig, which, when brought home, fitted to his mind, only that, as he thought, it covered his ears too much, and would, in a degree, prevent his hearing. The purveyor of wigs was of a different opinion, and said that in time he would be used to it, and would feel no inconvenience from it. Not so, thought Barry, who desired that he would cut off the superfluous hair. Surprise, distress, and astonishment, not unmingled with anger, followed, in quick succession, through the barber's mind, and kept him for a moment dumb; but when recovered from the shock his ingenuity and talents as a workman had received, the language of expostulation and remonstrance, amounting to refusal, fell from the lips of the indignant artificer.

"Have you a pair of scissors?" angrily inquired Barry. The fact was not to be denied,—a workman, and without his tools, would have been a solecism in the profession, equally unpardonable with spoiling a wig,—so, with a shrug and grimace that would not have disgraced the feature and action of the most eloquent peruke maker in France, the scissors were handed to the impatient painter, who, sans remorse or pity, severed the encumbering locks, and freed his ears from all impediment, ejaculating, with a triumphant expression,

"There! Now it will do well enough."

The barber did not faint. No! he was a man, and the "rape of the lock" was not committed on his own hair, but on his performance; so "leaving the mangled matter" as it was, he took his departure, reflecting no doubt, on the pertinacity and self-willed obstinacy of the eccentric artist.

If Barry was not nice in his attire, he was not more particular in his diet, as may be inferred from the following anecdote. His ordinary dining place was at a cook shop in Wardour Street, and his breakfast was supplied from a public house, where that meal was prepared at an early hour for bricklayers, or labourers of any kind, at three pence per head. This accommodation went on for some time, and with the blocked up windows, and dilapidated state of Barry's house, the price, and the common delph ware in which the meal was brought, were in perfect keeping, till some officious busy body, who knew the character of the painter, and the situation he held as a Professor and Member of the Royal Academy, informed the publican of the

important fact, and a new course of treatment was adopted. The next day a japanned tea tray, China plate and basin, gave token of the change which had taken place in the landlord's opinion of his customer's station in life. A Royal Academician to be served in delph—good manners and good management forbade it.

Barry, though not much given to remark subjects of ordinary matters, was however struck with the change and the appearance his breakfast now made, and gruffly inquiring what all this meant? was answered with many apologies and excuses—had they known he was a Royal Academician, they would have been more attentive,—taken better care, &c. . . .

"What is your charge?" growled Barry. "Sixpence, if you please Sir," was the reply. "Then take it back, and bring it as before, or not at all."

Eccentricities like these, however, are harmless, and serve to create mirth rather than excite ridicule, much less anger; and it is only when intemperate violence or sullenness of disposition is mixed up with them, that they become offensive, and give rise to resentment, or deserve contempt.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Illustrations of Modern Sculpture.

Our critical propensities are completely lulled by some of the exquisite productions of the present age. Condemnation lurks unheeded and unrequired, enfeebled by the fascinations of modern art; and, amidst the many works that claim our notice, there is scarcely one of a superior character to the present *Illustrations of Modern Sculpture*. The editor, T. K. Hervey, has accompanied each plate with descriptive notices, in prose and verse, displaying his acknowledged taste in matters of virtue. He professes not to have offered a critical review of the contents of this beautiful volume,—a judicious plan, and well worthy the imitation of our "critic swarms." He gives all that knowledge and taste can suggest; leaving the ultimate effect,—as it must ever be left,—to that universal critic—self. The exquisite orna-

mental title, designed by Corbould, is one of the tastiest things we have beheld; and as we cannot have too much of a good thing, we are favoured with a repetition of it inside the work. It contains a very convenient table of foreign measures, *translated* into English feet. It is dedicated, very properly, to the Duke of Sussex. This number contains, *The Happy Mother*,* by Westmacott, drawn by Corbould, and engraved by Tomkins. *The Dancing Girl*, by Canova, drawn by Corbould, and engraved by Finden. *Mercury and Pandora*, by Flaxman, drawn by Corbould, and engraved by Fry. As we do not pretend to have the inclination, time, or space, to microscopify all that comes under our notice, we shall not direct our attention to the tedious minutiae of artistic quibbling; and taking a broad view of this, as we hope to do of all other subjects, affirm that it has delighted us, both by its intention and execution; and that its very moderate price cannot fail to attract many who would, otherwise, cast a "longing, lingering look behind." The proprietors may feel proud of their work; and, conscious that

" * * * * * Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear."

*Finden's Landscape Illustrations of Lord Byron's Works,
India Proofs.*

As we have not before had an opportunity of expressing our admiration of the landscape engraving of the British School, we cannot resist the feeling of artistic and national pride, as we contemplate our superiority in this delightful multiplier of art's fair creations. Our esteemed friend, Mr. Vendramini, the engraver of *The Raising of Lazarus*, confessed to us, that the present school of English *Annual engraving* was carried as far as human powers would allow. Happy to find so excellent an authority for our assertion, we proceed to our task. The present number contains six plates, including two vignettes, and a portrait. They are,—*The Plain of Troy*, by Turner; *The Gate of Theseus, Athens*, by Turner; *The Temple of Jupiter Olympus*, by Stanfield, after a drawing by Page; *Cape Colonna*, by Purser; *Cagliari, Sardinia*, by Westall; and *Patras*, by Cattermole, after Page; *The Head of Margarita Cogni*, by Harlowe. They are, as usual,

* We are inclined to think that *The Happy Mother* has not been before engraved.

beautifully engraved,—the name of Finden is a sufficient guarantee. Yet, as we all have a choice, ours is certainly in favour of the view of the Temple of Jupiter Olympus. We allow that the sky is odd; but, to our mind, it is a most skilful one, composing admirably with the splendid ruins, as the light streams across the noble columns, glances on the ground and figures, and is carried, with beautiful effect, to the distant Acropolis. We wish we had time and space to notice more merit, but must refrain, yet not without wishing we were beneath the beautiful skies of Cape Colonna and Patras.

The Byron Gallery.

HOWARD, Richter, Corbould, and E. C. Wood, furnish the present number. The Manfred of Howard is nicely conceived and executed, although not quite so severe as we could wish. We cannot help thinking the Spirit Seeker rather a *lounger* than one spell bound. Richter's Hours of Idleness is very *amiably* conceived; there is a *quiet* about it inestimable to a critic. We do not like his Beppo so well; it is not so delicately conceived as the last; the subject, we know, is more boisterous. The rivalry of the lamp and moon is unfortunate in engraving; tint, as well as tone, is requisite to it.

This is, however, a very interesting series, and an agreeable companion to Byron's works.

The Keepsake, 1833. Longman and Co.

EVEN in this, our first year, we find it difficult to write about the annuals; beauty may be talked about, but is much sooner, and much better felt. Its whole vocabulary may be soon exhausted, and its endless varieties of hue, form, and feature, remain without comment. We conscientiously believe them to be the finest things of the class in Europe, and can therefore only modify our panegyrics according to the greater or lesser claims on our admiration. Foremost on the list, emanating from the foremost house, is the *Keepsake*, an exquisite combination of history, fancy, portrait, and landscape. One of Chalon's dashing charmers graces the frontispiece, though we regret to perceive that His most gracious Majesty (a medal by Wyon, beautifully en-

graved by machine) turns his head a contrary way, heedless of her charms: as loyal subjects, we are happy to possess so agreeable a portrait of our king, it is the best we know of. Miss L. Sharpe's "unlooked for return" displays a portion of her acknowledged taste, but we think the subject is not suited to her pencil. We prefer "Flora," who, though rather tall, is very pretty. Miss Sharpe, by a proper selection of subject, would be invaluable to the publishers of annuals. Poor Liverseege! wert thou so soon dragged from the scene of thy fame! thou hast emitted sparks indicative of a potent flame, that would have lighted thee on thy onward course. Reader, look at his Juliet in the present volume, and *feel* his loss. We are almost glad to be able to record a comparative failure *for* Martin. He is so provokingly grand and consistent in his mighty conceptions, that when he trips,—it is a fall indeed; but very unlike the fall of Nineveh. His Marius, we do not think equal to his other works, it is dull and heavy—without a gleam of hope for its hero; it probably required a different graver. Parris' bridemaid has engraved very well; much credit is due to C. Heath—or others. The head is nicely managed. As for Turner's Ehrenbreitstein—the less we say about him the better—he is the *genius* of landscape.—Corbould's Alice is a moderately successful performance; being a great favourite of ours, we venture to hint this.—Wright's Malvolio possesses the style of Stothard, and the humour of Smirke—Olivia is quiet and ladylike—the clown most jocose, and poor Malvolio in high dudgeon. We have often been struck with G. Cattermole's works, he possesses a powerful feeling for effect and character. His Pepita is very bold and characteristic. We remember, with pleasure, his rough splashes in water-colours, we trust he will not be satisfied with sketches—a word to the wise.—Boxall has succeeded admirably in Rosina. It is a sweet cabinet picture, and what is better, for an annual, it engraves well. We really, in all sincerity and friendliness, beg of this ingenious artist to consider that *form* is the most essential requisite in Art. He already possesses nature's first requisites—taste and feeling. The lower part of his figure is rather heavy. *Courage*, Boxall!—As with Turner, so with Stanfield! what on earth can we say to the man—he is always beautiful;—but find fault we will, Verrex appears to us rather heavy—we want breathing-room. "One peep was enough" at Richter's subject of that name, to convince us that he had lost none of his humour, but he has spoilt us for minor works by "The School in an uproar," his "Tight Shoe," and "Falstaff." Altogether this work is admirably got up, and is just as well worth presenting to a fair friend as it was last year.

Heath's Picturesque Annual, 1833. From Drawings by Stanfield, and Descriptions by Ritchie.

As Mr. Ritchie reports in his preface "that" *gratitude is a keen sense of favours to come*, we cannot help corroborating this evidence, for on reading the junction of Stanfield and Ritchie, we anticipate the favours they have in store with a bold and well grounded foresight. The title page, St. Goar, wants Stanfield's magic. Heidelberg is very chaste, and is beautifully engraved. The castle by moonlight is imposingly deep, if not silvery. Frankfort and Bingen are as good as usual. The second plate of Bingen is exquisite. Its sky cost us a sigh, and we cannot do better than quote the talented author: "All is peace and beauty, and the soul is stirred by no ruder influence than that of the ruins on either side of the river, with their associations of melancholy and romance." Rheinsten is an exquisite *foreground*. Coolenz, from Ehrenbreitstein, is a gem, notwithstanding the dark spot on the sky. The second view is to our taste even more than the first. R. Brandard has done himself and the painter justice—it is rich and varied in tone, and one of the best in the book. Beautiful again! Coblenz, the third view,—we get tired of praising, and live in hopes—but no, Andernach is delicious—the castle of Godesberg ravishing—"Near Bonn" a *bonne bouche* "on the Scheld" exquisite. Mill, near the Hague, worth a million, and "Homeward Bound," a happy relief, for really we could go no further.

Friendship's Offering, 1833.

OUR constant friend, with its annual offering at the shrine of friendship, deserves well at our hands. We do not venture to compare it with the Keepsake, but it may be very safely kept for its own sake. We have only room to notice some of its flowers. Corbould's Viola is a very sweet performance, beautifully engraved by Garner. The female figure is all softness and repose, and the cavalier evidently struck. It is worthy of the artist. Wood's Pirates are not fearful in the usual sense, yet dangerous withal "nymphs of the hazard mien." Cupid is evidently too pleased for the poets *after* writing. If these damsels really ran away with him, he seems to be a willing captive—who would not be? Purser's Bridge of Alva is well composed, but too spark-

ling. Affection, by J. P. Davis is a pretty composition, but too softly engraved. Our friend Richter has an "unveiling" that discloses much to his credit, but he manages *stories* better than single figures. The work is as well arranged as its companions, but rather heavily bound.

Forget Me Not, 1833.

FORGET Ackermann we cannot! His Annual merits our attention and gratitude, as the archetype of its rivals. The present number contains some excellent works; we should like to expatiate, but must refrain. Hart's *Giuletta* is a fine thing—it reminds us of Opie, it has much of his powerful effect and character. The centre mass of light is very agreeable, but the figure in the foreground owns a head not quite so well suited to her shoulders as we could wish. Hart is a name we intend to watch, he has done much in a short time. Buss has displayed his humour in *black and white* in Uncle Anthony's Blunder. Wood's *Emigrant's Daughter* makes a very attractive picture, it is very nicely conceived and executed. Count Egmont's Jewels, by Holmes from Leslie, possesses character, but not sufficiently indicated. Richter's *Night* is a sweet composition, well engraved by Finden. *Nurnberg* by Prout. *Scene from the Odyssey* by Barrett, and others, that we have not space to notice, complete this agreeable volume.

The Comic Offering. Edited by Louisa H. Sheridan.

WE must descend from our stately tribunal, where claims of the gravest hue await our verdict, and attend to the jingling appeal of Momus' cachinnations. *Vive la Bagatelle* has been often uttered, even on this side the Channel; we have no objection to join in the cry, beholding no deep interests in danger from an editorial relaxation. We cannot, in the gallant tone we should like to assume, advert to our fair sister editress's smiles; we fear they are broad grins, for "by the effects know ye the cause," and the first dimple in our mirthful annual's face certainly irretrievably affected the decorous mien we had



adjusted for the day. "Just *set up* in business," is a model for young shopkeepers ; it is a lofty attempt at ensuring a *high* connexion. "Fox's Martyrs" we like much ; Reynard's look is capital ; it really



is so like a lawyer watching his clients, that we bestow on it double praise, as conveying a double moral. "On the wrong side of Forty"



is a distressing illustration of the "ills that flesh is heir to," conveying, however, one consolation: that, although the *reign* of beauty may be over, there is always a prospect of a *rain* of considerable power and duration, as ably depicted in the wood-cut. "Moses in the Bull-rushes" is a very amusing view of the old story of "a bull broke into a china-shop." "The Race of Heroes" is ingenious; it suits our taste, having the morality of humour about it. How eager are they all in the chase, notwithstanding the lowering example of "*le petit corporal*," tripped up in the race. We do not venture to hint that the



well-known hero, behind his prostrate foe, is endeavouring to preserve the *feathers in his cap*, which seem in danger;—an ill-natured critic might take advantage of this; but we, considering *what* he did for *Art* when he had the power, say no more. We presume Cæsar and Alexander *follow!* What an idea! Charles the Twelfth and Gustavus (we suppose) close the race (no great loss if the accounts were finally made up). Would that the struggle for artistic knowledge were as resolute as the struggle for mirth. A pun is hunted through all its declensions, until the reader declines to follow; the view halloo rousing the latent cruelty of the huntsman of Momus, who, heedless of the gap of a few letters wanted, or the briars of inconvenient intervening syllables, dash onward with increasing zest to be in at the death. Now, as we do not conceive we have any right to meddle with the *type* of Miss Sheridan's wit, we refer it to the august tribunal of our talented brother of the Literary Gazette; and can only subjoin the annexed *cuts*, trusting they will not *wound* our enlightened readers.

We cannot help being amused at a paragraph in the Preface, as *comic* as the rest, in which aristocratic modesty, or * * * * has prevented us knowing to whom we are beholden for specimens of high-born hilarity. There is a little want of the aristocrat's chief pretension, *tact*, in this hint. Fear a critic! O fie! ye noble wags; what, succumb to a lady! to be sure, Miss Sheridan has nothing to fear; she deserves well at our hands; she has done her best to cheer us to a new year, assisted by *seven nobles*; "In sober earnest then, we've merry peers."

In the Press, and shortly will be Published. Flaxman's Anatomical Sketches, for the Use of Artists. A Series of 22 Plates, Engraved by Henry Landseer. With Descriptive Notices, by W. Robertson. Dedicated to F. Chantrey, Esq. R. A.

WE have been favoured with a view of these plates, which are in a state of forwardness, and will be speedily offered to the public. Although anatomy is the surest *guide* to an artist, we consider that a surgeon is perhaps his worst, unless his views have been modified by reference to artistic wants. It is, therefore, to the accomplished painter or sculptor that we must appeal for the requisite knowledge. The master-mind of Flaxman has supplied the desideratum; and in the present artist-like productions, the student will discover a very important fund of anatomical knowledge. There is nothing to catch the eye; it is all in the sober style of tuition; and those who expect highly finished plates, or useless detail, will be disappointed: although the beauty of the original is not thoroughly attained, the engraving conveys a very good notion of the professor's intention. To each plate there is a table of the names of the various muscles, bones, &c., indicated by numbers. The four plates of bones are drawn in the most exquisite and masterly style, and are tinted with vigour and truth. There is a frontispiece portrait of Flaxman, done in Italy, when young; it may have been like, but is very *peculiar*. The three views of the anatomical figure are drawn with care by W. Robertson, and form a good summary of the disjointed members. Altogether, we think this work cannot fail of proving acceptable to the profession.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A PLAN conceived by Napoleon on his first expedition to Egypt, has been partly carried into effect. One of the two obelisks at Luxor, which ornamented the palace of Sesostris (Rhamessis) has been conveyed on board a French frigate dispatched for that purpose. It is seventy-five French feet in height, and formed of a single block of granite. M. Lebas, the engineer, charged with its transport, has displayed great skill in moving this unwieldy mass.

We sincerely wish "WHOEVER IT MAY CONCERN," would emulate

a little of the scientific patriotism of our enlightened neighbours. We have heard occasionally of "Cleopatra's needle," we even believe it is *our own property*: but really how we can feel very proud of a present still lying in the sands of Egypt, we leave it to our governors to decide. Were it a bale of cotton, or a cask of tallow, we might depend upon its removal, but it is *only* a broken column of mysterious hieroglyphics!.....

WE have been favoured with a sight of a portrait of Signor Paganini, by Mr. G. Patten of Berners Street. To say it is an admirable likeness would be perhaps the feeblest compliment we could pay. It is, without exception, one of the most *living* pictures we have seen; the varied hues in the extraordinary complexion of the "*first fiddle*" are admirably given; the head seems a ray of light as it starts from the deep background. He holds his magical instrument under his arm, and seems contemplating some freshly conceived melody, which his hands appear anxious to depict. For drawing and colour, besides the usual characteristics of a good portrait, we have seldom beheld a more imposing work. We feel it our duty to the talents of this meritorious artist to avail ourselves of the privilege of visiting his painting room, to express our admiration of his works.

Milan.—The Imperial Academy of Fine Arts at Milan, has issued a *programme* of the subjects which are to compete for the prizes in 1833. In *Architecture*, the proposed subject is a design for Cavalry Barracks, capable of containing six hundred horses, and lodgings for the men and officers. Regard is to be had to economy of space, and the drawings are to be of large dimensions, exhibiting the plan, and all the requisite elevations, both external and internal. *Prize*: a gold medal of the intrinsic value of sixty sequins.—In *Painting*, the subject is the Sentence of Haman, who is discovered by Ahasuerus at the feet of Esther. *Prize*: a gold medal of one hundred and twenty sequins.—The subject proposed for *Sculpture*, is to be a group representing the Slave Androcles extracting the thorn from the lion's paw, according to the anecdote related by Aulus Gellius. This is to be executed in terra cotta, or in gypsum, and to be three French feet in height, including the plinth. *Prize*: a gold medal of forty sequins,—*In Drawing and Composition*: Petrarch holding at the baptismal font

the first-born son of Bernabo Visconti, Duke of Milan. Exact attention is required to be paid to costume, both as regards the attire of the figures, and the ritual ceremony, according to the usage of the times. The size of the drawing to be two feet and a half, by one foot, eight inches, French measure. *Prize*: a gold medal worth thirty sequins. —In the class of *Ornamental Design*, the proposed subject is a nobly wrought pulpit, entirely insulated, and suited to a magnificent church. *Prize*: a gold medal of twenty sequins. The competitors are to send in their works in the course of next May; and besides, a sealed letter containing his name and address, together with a motto corresponding to that affixed to his production, each artist is expected to furnish a description of his performance, explaining his own ideas of the subject, and what he has principally aimed at, in treating it. Both before and after the adjudication of the prizes, there will be a public exhibition of all the works submitted to competition; and as soon as the prizes shall have been awarded, those which are successful will be distinguished by a wreath of laurel, and by inscriptions containing the names, &c. of the respective artists.

To the Contributor of the Article on Early English Architects, in the Library of the Fine Arts, No. 15, p. 283.

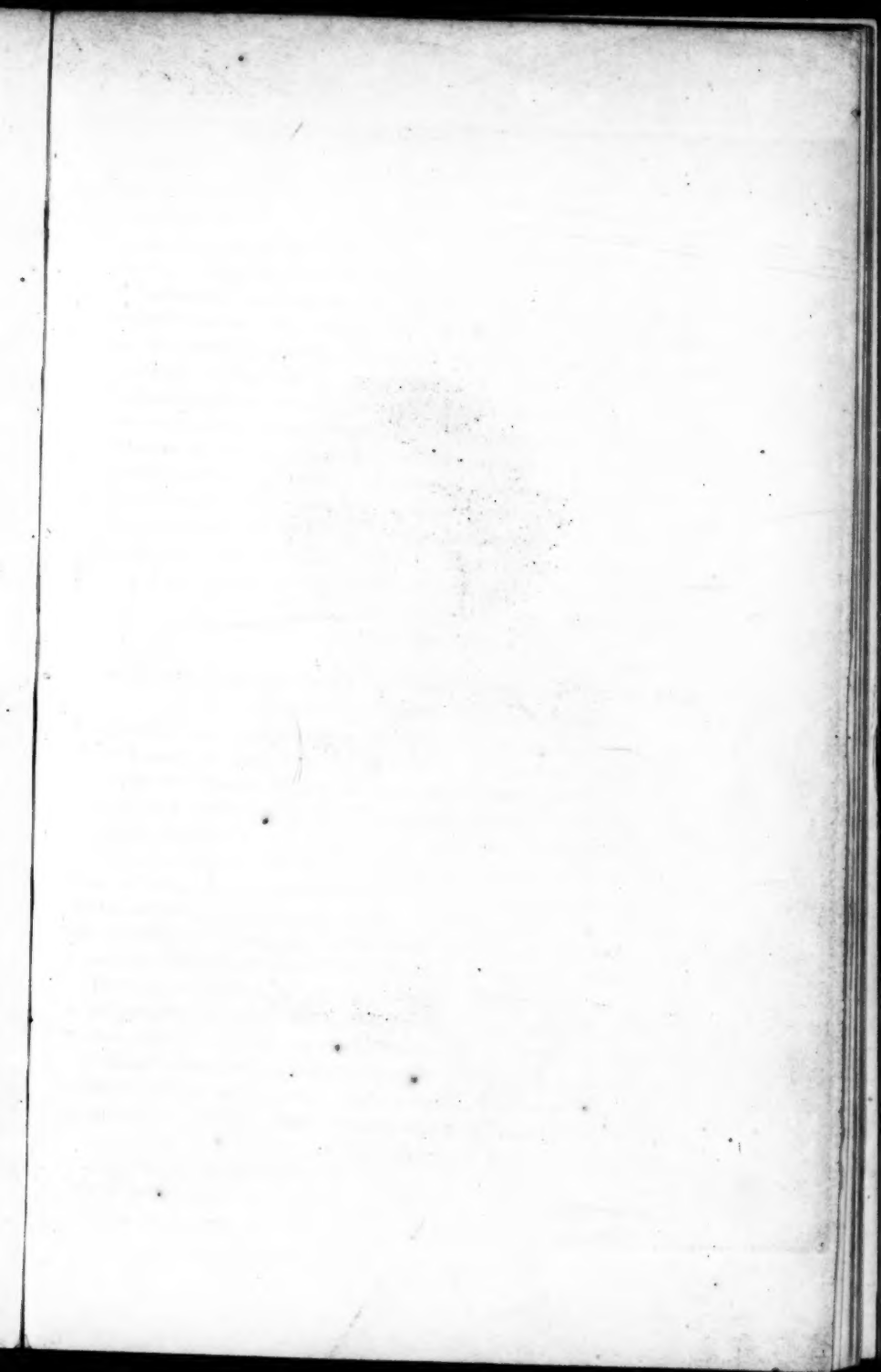
SIR,—In reply to your enquiries respecting the fate of Holbein's Porch, at Wilton, I have the pleasure to inform you that the good taste of Lady Pembroke (widow of the late lord) preserved this interesting relic, and had the materials re-erected in the grounds, where it forms the termination to a vista with very good effect. As it could not be attached to the house, perhaps it could not be better placed than where it is; seen at a distance in the beautiful home view, from the great window in the library, over a charming terraced garden, for which Wilton is also indebted to the taste of Lady Pembroke. Wilton has been difficult of access since the death of Lord Pembroke, and in a visit I made to it in the summer, we found so much to admire, that we left the Porch as the last thing to be examined, and a heavy shower of rain obliged us to return home, without the gratification of a near view of it; but I saw enough to convince me that it deserves the admiration bestowed upon it by persons of taste. It appeared as if the stone had been worked over, as there were not signs of its former painting and gilding.

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

THOMAS MILES.

Stockton, Salisbury,
Oct. 18th, 1832.





W. Hogarth, pinxt

E. Scriven, sculpt

W^m Hogarth

Arnold's Library of the Fine Arts, 1832.